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MISS CLARA L. KELLOG.





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alone for which the "Cambrian" offers so many various attractions. Providers of "beanfeasts," honorary secretaries of "wayze geese,"—is "wayze geese" the plural of "wayze goose"?—know its gastronomic capabilities full well; and you can rarely visit the "Cambrian" in summer time without finding the big dining-room in full swing of convivial knife and fork; nay, I have even heard it hinted that steady middle-aged men—members of civic guilds and west-end clubs—who, consequently, may be credited with knowing the savour of a good dinner, and likewise the flavour of good wine—for good eating, we know, demands good drinking—have more than once telegraphed their requirements to mine host of the

"Cambrian," and returned home in the evening neither empty nor dissatisfied. But, after all, tea is the favourite meal at the "Cambrian" with the many, for during the summer months the many come down when the day's work is over, and what is more natural than that the "missus" should relish the fragrant cup of tea, with the inevitable concomitants of the freshly-gathered water-cress and the succulent shrimp? Tea in every conceivable variety—"plain" teas, teas with the costly additions of broiled ham, pork pie, or "stodgy" plates of cold meat; teas on the garden seats underneath the shade of that spreading mountain ash; teas in the dim recesses of those quiet arbour beloved by Anna Maria

and her young man; teas in the open with a covey of expectant youngsters clustered round the tray in circle on the grass. And are there not beer and skittles galore for those who are made of sterner stuff, to say nothing of Aunt Sallies, bowls, knock-'em-downs, and a legion of other kindred spirits? Verily the resources of the "Cambrian" are manifold.

But while the body is thus abundantly administered to, the mind is not forgotten. The lover of natural history has here ample opportunity for the pursuit of his favourite study. Inside the house is a large collection of stuffed birds, some very rare and ponderous fish that have fallen victims to the rod and the gun



OLD AND YOUNG.

within the precincts of the "Cambrian"; while the garden at the back is a little menagerie. As you take your after dinner constitutional among its devious footpaths you stumble over an Egyptian goose—at least I think he is Egyptian; at any rate he is ugly enough—with an abnormally developed appetite for bread and butter and shrimps, who invariably sticks himself right in the middle of the pathway, and won't budge a foot for the best man that ever stepped; then you come across some "foreigner" kind of duck—I don't believe any one knew what he really was, not even mine host, though I should not like to hint as much in his presence—a queer, misshapen, but affable bird, who

would eat anything you cared to give him, from a tenpenny nail to a box of fuses. Then a bright-eyed, golden pheasant will twist his long neck and peer at you shrewdly from his hiding-place; and then a bald-headed coot will hobble past you with a strange, puzzled air, as though wondering how the deuce he came there. I cherished a sincere affection for that same bald-headed coot—he was such a deliciously stupid fowl. Alas! that I should have to write of him in the past tense, for he, like the bear, is no more. The bear—who does not remember the bear?—the joy of infantile admirers—the delight of *al fresco* tea-parties. Considering the number and variety of comestibles he was called

upon to digest, every conceivable compound, from lump sugar to ground bait, I can only express my surprise that he survived the ordeal so long. At last he grew morose and savage, and was ordered out one fine morning for instant execution at the hands of the keeper. One winter, some years ago, a vast amount of consternation was created in the vicinity of the "Cambrian," by a report that the bear had escaped, and was to be met with after dark perambulating the high road, and one of two individuals, after repeated brandies and waters, were prepared to take their affidavits that they had actually seen him; but though the story found the way into the newspapers, I have reason to believe that it was



a libel on the animal—in fact, if the truth must be told, I don't think mine host of the "Cambrian" owned a bear at all at the time.

One word as to mine host. He is a man of many parts, and combines many avocations. "Enterprising lessee" and clerk of the course, landlord, agriculturist, sportsman and parish churchwarden. I had almost forgotten that he has always a cheery smile and hearty greeting for all his old customers, and if you can get him over a glass of grog in the snugger of an evening, he will spin you a yarn about the birds, beasts, and fish that adorn the walls that would require a chapter to itself. If he thinks you know no better, he will also try to persuade you that he is an angler; but here, I regret to say, he is a rank imposter. Still he is justly proud of his fishery, which is one of the chief attractions of the place, and stocks the water liberally every season. I could tell you, I have it all down in my note book, how many hundred of jack, weighing ever so many thousands of pounds, that have been captured in the "Cambrian" waters since the 1st of June, but I dare not set it down on paper, for fear I should be accused of romancing.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

ON Saturday last Her Majesty's Theatre was reopened for the autumn and winter performances of Italian opera at reduced prices of admission, and a densely-crowded audience attended to hear Beethoven's *Fidelio*. The heroine of the opera, Leonora (*Fidelio*), was impersonated by Madame Pappenheim with her customary taste and skill, but her voice was not in as good order as usual. In the rôle of Florestan, a first appearance in England was made by Signor Candidus, an American tenor, who has studied in Italy, and has recently achieved great successes in the principal cities of Germany. The new-comer has a fine tenor voice, of sympathetic quality and good compass, and sings in excellent style. He was warmly and deservedly applauded, and appears likely to prove a valuable acquisition; but a definite opinion on his merits must be deferred until after his appearance on Monday next as Max in *Der Freischütz*.

On Monday *Rigoletto* was produced, and on Tuesday *Faust*. The chief event of the week, however, was the performance of *Carmen*, with Madame Trebelli in the title-character. Her success was genuine and legitimate. That she sang the music delightfully may be believed without saying. It suits her voice perfectly, and the purity of her vocalisation has seldom been more charmingly manifested. In the last scene of the opera she was perhaps too demonstrative, but in the three first acts her acting was charming, and she looked the character to perfection. It is noteworthy that although she presented a vivid portraiture of the reckless gipsy, she wisely refrained from too broadly realising the shamelessness of the character, and suppressed those offensive displays which may be excused on the ground of appropriateness, but which can hardly be acceptable to our wives and daughters. She was heartily applauded, and her impersonation of *Carmen* adds a conspicuous laurel to her chaplet. Signor Mendioroz made his appearance as Escamillo, but his voice was apparently not in good order, and he frequently sang out of tune. We may perhaps hear him to greater advantage to-night. Middle. Perdi and Signor Zoboli made successful first appearances in the rôles of Mercedes and Il Dancaïro, and the other parts were filled as heretofore. The band is of first-rate quality, and Signor Li Calsi conducts in masterly style. The facts that the absurd restrictions as to costume are abolished, and that the performances commence at 7.30 and conclude about 10.30, will probably induce the public to bestow liberal patronage on these excellent performances of Italian opera.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

M. RIVIERE has kept faith with the public, and a large proportion of the works promised in his prospectus, with a considerable number of the artists also promised, have already been brought forward. The remainder will doubtless be forthcoming before the end of the season, which will terminate on Saturday next. One of the most interesting and important features in the prospectus was the announcement that the newly-invented "Double Piano," which has been one of the chief marvels of the Paris Exhibition, would be introduced, and that the distinguished pianist, M. Jules Zarebski, at present the only exponent of the invention, would be engaged for the last two weeks of the season. On Monday last the piano and the pianist were heard and seen for the first time in England, at the Monday Promenade Concert, given under the direction of M. Riviere, and there can be no doubt that they will prove powerful additions to the attractions already provided by the spirited director. Respecting so important a novelty as the "Double Piano" our readers will probably be glad to learn full particulars, and these will be found interesting alike by skilled musicians and amateurs.

The famous pianist, Liszt, has truly said that "everything which can be done on a single keyboard has already been done, and that the future belongs to a piano which, without departing from the character of the instrument, will offer new resources." It has been added by M. Oscar Comettant, the able musical critic of *Le Siècle*, that "It is incontestable that ideas, in music, conform themselves to the instrument for which one writes—to the quality of its tone, its compass, its genius. To speak only of instruments with keyboards, it is clearly evidenced that the thoughts of the composers who have written for those instruments, organ or piano, have been modified according to the improvements made by manufacturers. It would never have occurred to the mind of Liszt to write his concertos and his grand bravura fantasias for the virginal, the spinet, or even for the earlier kind of pianofortes. Still less, perhaps, would Thalberg have thought of ornamenting with long arpeggi and octave passages melodies with sustained notes on the spinet or the clavi-chord, which could neither of them sustain a sound." It is obvious that an instrument which actually combines two pianos, with separate keyboards to each, must offer a long array of possibilities to composers, and that the new invention marks—to use the words of M. Charles Gounod—"not merely an advance but a revolution" in pianoforte music. The inventors are M. Oscar Comettant and Messrs. Edouard and Alfred Mangeot, and they acknowledge their obligations to M. Joseph Wieniawski, the eminent pianist, who had suggested to them that some interesting harmonic results might arise from the construction of a piano with the ordinary keyboard reversed.

The original French title of the new instrument is "Le Piano à doubles claviers renversés,"—the piano with two keyboards reversed. The lower keyboard corresponds to that of an ordinary piano; the upper keyboard has the highest treble note on the extreme left hand, and the lowest bass note on the extreme right. The middle note of each is D below the staff, from which there extend on either side twenty-five white and eighteen black keys. It will be obvious that the treble of each keyboard is opposite to the bass of its companion, and *vice versa*. It should also be mentioned that the two keyboards are so close to each other that both may be simultaneously used by the fingers of each hand. There are separate pedals to each piano, so that the

harmony may be sustained by one, while figured passages are played on the other. The instrument, in fact, is capable of producing the effects hitherto only attainable by the employment of two pianos, played by two performers, with the additional advantage that both keyboards are under the control of one mind. It is contended by M. Oscar Comettant that the "double piano," to call it by the name which it will probably bear in England, is much easier to play upon than the ordinary piano. He points out that many passages which are difficult to play on the latter become facile of execution on the former. Each hand having command of seven octaves, there is none of those difficulties now found in passages which compel the player to "cross the hands," and to resort to ungraceful contortions of the body and awkward movements of the arms. These advantages were fully developed by M. Jules Zarebski on Monday last, and the most intricate and involved passages in Liszt's difficult "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2," were executed without the slightest appearance of effort. Amateur pianists, as well as professional musicians, must be aware that passages in pianoforte music often occur where the left hand necessarily enters the domain of the right hand, and that such passages are often very difficult to execute. The new "double piano" enables the performer to play such passages with ease, each of his hands having access to a different set of keys; and it is also to be remarked that the facility thus afforded opens up to composers the road to much wider and more elaborate use of passages which at present are almost interdicted by mechanical difficulties. The fingering of the upper reversed keyboard of the new instrument must of course present in the first instance many difficulties to performers; but M. Oscar Comettant offers some remarks on this subject which are worthy of consideration. He says:—"To demonstrate the insufficiency of the single keyboard, and the consequent difficulties of elaborate pianoforte playing, it suffices to cast a single glance on our hands and on the keyboard. Our hands have been formed by nature on two patterns, which are opposed to each other; the keyboard is constructed on one and the same plan. In passing from left to right, the first digit of the left hand is the little finger, and the last is the thumb. The first digit of the right hand, on the contrary, is the thumb, and the last is the little finger. This contrary disposition of the digits of the two hands; their difference in size, and in the strength and flexibility belonging to each; their different modes of action; all, in one word, demonstrate, at a first glance, that the execution of a florid passage, a scale, or any sequence of notes, must change according to its performance by the left or the right hand. This difference of fingering in identical passages which have to be played by both hands constitutes one of the greatest difficulties presented in the mechanism of pianoforte playing, and consequently one of the most remarkable inconveniences of playing, with two hands opposed to each other, on a keyboard constructed on one and the same plan. . . . The obligation imposed on the left hand of executing, according to a method of fingering special to itself, the graver portions of the music—chords, arpeggi, accompaniments of various kinds—gives to this hand, despite all the exercises of agility to which it may be submitted, a relative heaviness, and a special character opposed to that of the right hand, which is brilliant, agile, and sure of itself in the most rapid passages, whether in rapid scales, in single notes, thirds, sixths, or octaves. . . . With the two reversed keyboards all these inconveniences disappear; it is the emancipation of the two hands, and an enlargement of their musical domains."

With these explanations, it will be easy for everyone to comprehend the construction of the new "double piano," and to form an estimate of the advantages which it affords to pianists, besides the possibilities it unfolds to composers. It will only be necessary to add that on Monday night the resources of the instrument were fully and satisfactorily developed by M. Jules Zarebski. The piano was not of first-rate quality, and its tone has probably been impaired by six months' incessant playing; but this is a subsidiary matter, and the great question of the benefits derivable from the combination of two reversed keyboards was completely demonstrated. M. Zarebski, a pupil of Franz Liszt, is a pianist of the highest rank, and in less than two months he acquired that command over the new instrument which he displayed on Monday last. He played the Liszt Fantasia in brilliant style, and was warmly applauded by a very large audience, amongst whom were many of the most eminent English musicians. The invention is perhaps less interesting in respect of the facilities which it offers to executants of existing pianoforte music than in reference to the future of pianoforte composers, and we may again say, with M. Gounod, that it is not merely "an advance, but a revolution in art."

The remainder of the concert presented much that was enjoyable and praiseworthy, amongst which must be specially noted the exquisite violin playing of Herr Remenyi. Madame Liebhart, in "Little bird so sweetly singing," showed the happy and permanent results of sound musical study, and sang with little diminution of the charm which has always characterised her vocalisation. The flute obligato was skillfully played by Mr. J. H. Young. Vocal selections were also contributed by Mdlles. Giulia Warwick, Faultless, and D'Alton, Mrs. Weldon, and MM. Vivien, Wadmore, and Fabrini. Monday last being the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, Jullien's "British Army Quadrille" was performed, with the assistance of five of our best military bands, and the concert, admirably conducted by M. Riviere, concluded with "God Save the Queen." It should be borne in mind that these attractive concerts will conclude on Saturday next, and during the ensuing week a number of attractions will be provided.

A MONTREAL letter announces the death of Cyrille Dion, the billiard player.

MR. HOWARD PAUL has returned to England after visiting Egypt, where it was his original intention, according to an American contemporary, to remain during the winter.

THE *Western Morning News* says:—"Coaching has come of late years to be regarded as a luxury and a pastime, but it has almost ceased to be looked upon either as a necessary means of locomotion or a profitable source of revenue. But in North Cornwall it is both. The report of the North Cornwall Coach Company, just issued, shows that during the past year 7,160 passengers have been carried, averaging twenty-three per day—pretty well for one coach, running daily both winter and summer. Sometimes, indeed, as many as forty through passengers presented themselves, and wagonettes had to be engaged, for no one was ever left behind for want of room. The dividend to be paid to shareholders is 5 per cent., and were it not for the turnpike tolls, which are to be abolished next year, 20 per cent. would have been earned—the dividend which was formerly paid by the Tavistock and Okehampton Coach Company. The usefulness of the coach to all residents in the locality is very great, and it serves to show how much greater a convenience a railway over the same route would be. It is expected, indeed, that when the narrow gauge is laid to Launceston, which now is only a question of months, the traffic will be more than doubled. The marked success of the North Cornwall Coach Company should make the shareholders of less successful coach companies ask the reason why."

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. A. and P. D.—Many thanks for the problems.  
R. M.—We do not know what Mr. Perrin's strength is at the present time; but of course he is much stronger than he was when Morphy gave him the odds of a Knight. Very probably he is quite entitled to a place in the foremost rank of American players.  
W. B. G.—We are sorry we cannot correct the abuse you complain of, would not be right to publish the names of players when requested not to do so; but we agree with you that it is very unfair and very absurd for certain players to blazon forth their names when victorious, but masquerade as Mr. D or Mr. X when defeated.  
Solutions of Problem No. 206, by the Painter of Shepherd's Bush, Juvenis, J. G., G. R., and D. A. are correct.

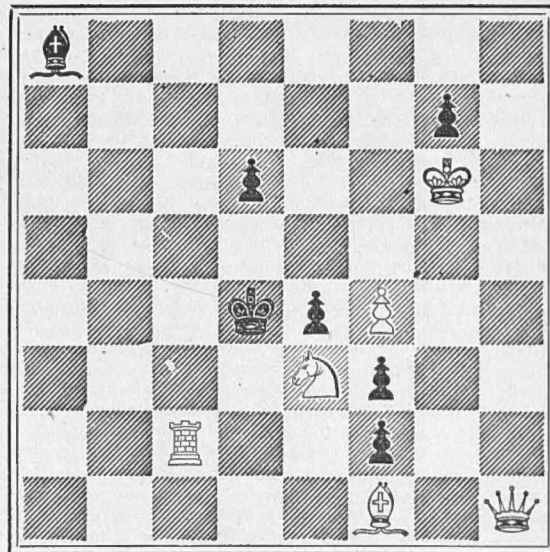
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 199.

- |                                    |              |
|------------------------------------|--------------|
| WHITE.                             | BLACK.       |
| 1. R to K 7                        | K to B 4 (a) |
| 2. Kt takes P (dis ch)             | K to B 3     |
| 3. Kt to Kt 4 (mate)               | .....        |
| WHITE. (a)                         | BLACK.       |
| 1. ....                            | K to K 4 (b) |
| 2. Kt to B 6 (ch)                  | K moves      |
| 3. R mates.                        | .....        |
| WHITE. (b)                         | BLACK.       |
| 1. ....                            | K to K 6     |
| 2. Kt to K 5, and mates next move. | .....        |

PROBLEM 207.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

THE following game hitherto, we believe, unpublished, was played several years ago, when Mr. Campbell was acknowledged to be one of the strongest players in Europe:—

[Scotch Gambit.]

- |                          |                          |   |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| WHITE.<br>(Mr. Campbell) | BLACK.<br>(Mr. Earnshaw) | WHITE.<br>(Mr. Campbell)                                  | BLACK.<br>(Mr. Earnshaw) |
| 1. P to K 4              | P to K 4                 | 12. Kt takes Kt   | R takes Kt (c)           |
| 2. Kt to K B 3           | Kt to Q B 3              | 13. B takes B   | R P takes B              |
| 3. P to Q 4              | P takes P                | 14. P to K B 4  | R to K sq                |
| 4. B to B 4              | P to B 4                 | 15. Q to B 3  | Kt to R 2                |
| 5. Castles               | P to Q 3                 | 16. Q R to K sq (d)                                       | Q to R 5                 |
| 6. P to B 3              | Kt to B 3 (a)            | 17. P to K 5  | H to Q 2                 |
| 7. P takes P             | B to Kt 3                | 18. P to K 6  | P takes P                |
| 8. Kt to B 3             | Castles                  | 19. P takes P   | K to R sq (e)            |
| 9. P to K R 3            | P to K R 3 (b)           | 20. P to K Kt 3   | B to B 3                 |
| 10. B to K 3             | R to K sq                | 21. P takes Q   | B takes Q                |
| 11. P to Q 5             | Kt to K 4                | 22. R takes B, and after a few more moves, Black resigns. |                          |

- (a) B to K Kt 5 is considered the most annoying stroke Black can make at this juncture.  
(b) Kt takes K P would have prevented Black for some time from strengthening his position.  
(c) An error of judgment, such as Mr. Earnshaw at the present time seldom if ever indulges in. Of course he ought to have made the capture with the pawn.  
(d) Solid and Stauntonian in style, Mr. Campbell puts all his forces in battle array before he commences the attack.  
(e) An ingenious idea, ill-deserving the disaster which it entailed.

THE subjoined game needs no apology for its publication, but it is only fair towards both combatants (especially the loser) to mention that eighteen years have rolled by since it was played:—

[Allgaier Gambit.]

- |                         |                          |                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| WHITE.<br>(Mr. Thorold) | BLACK.<br>(Mr. Earnshaw) | WHITE.<br>(Mr. Thorold) | BLACK.<br>(Mr. Earnshaw) |
| 1. P to K 4             | P to K 4                 | 16. Q to Kt 5 (ch)      | K to B 2                 |
| 2. P to K B 4           | P takes P                | 17. Kt to B 3 (d)       | Kt to B 4 (e)            |
| 3. Kt to K B 3          | P to K Kt 4              | 18. Q to B 4            | Q to Q 3                 |
| 4. P to K R 4           | P to Kt 5                | 19. Q to Kt 5 (f)       | Q to R 3                 |
| 5. Kt to Kt 5           | P to Q 4 (a)             | 20. Kt takes Q P        | Q takes Q                |
| 6. P to K 5             | P to K R 3               | 21. P takes Q           | B to K 3                 |
| 7. Kt takes B P         | K takes Kt               | 22. Kt takes B P        | Q R to Q B sq            |
| 8. P to Q 4             | P to K R 4               | 23. P to Q 5 (g)        | B to Q 2                 |
| 9. B takes P            | B to R 3                 | 24. B takes Kt          | B takes B                |
| 10. B to Q 3 (b)        | B takes B                | 25. P to Q 6            | K R to Q sq              |
| 11. Castles             | Kt to K 2 (c)            | 26. Kt to Kt 5 (h)      | P to R 3                 |
| 12. R takes B (ch)      | K to Kt 2                | 27. Kt to Q 4           | K to Kt 3                |
| 13. R to B 6            | Kt to Q 2                | 28. P to B 3            | K R takes Q P            |
| 14. Q to Q 2            | Kt takes R               | 29. R to K B sq         | Q R to K B sq            |
| 15. P takes Kt          | K takes P                |                         |                          |

- (a) A very effective move, as it develops Black's game and avoids some of the difficulties which the defence to this form of the Allgaier involves.  
(b) Good and prettyish.  
(c) Q could have taken the Q R P with impunity, if not with positive advantage.  
(d) White has a grand attack, but he is a little short of powder.  
(e) Seemingly his only resource.  
(f) Q to B 2 would have prevented the exchange of Queens, and enabled him at least to prolong the attack.  
(g) Strange to say, Mr. Thorold here overlooked the winning of a piece; he ought to have taken Kt with B, and thereby gained a superior position.  
(h) He fights hard—"yet he must die."

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## THE DRAMA.

## THE PROHIBITED PLAY.

Now that Mr. Matthison's adaptation of *Les Lionnes Pauvres* has been printed and published, it is open to the public to judge for themselves as to whether, as an acted play, it would have been likely to exercise an unwholesome effect upon the morals of playgoers. It is also open to the critics to criticise the work on its merits, and pronounce, according to the best of their judgment, whether or no it would have been likely to meet with success upon the stage. For my part, regarding *A False Step* from a purely artistic point of view, I think it has some grave defects, which would most likely have ensured its failure had it been produced at the Court Theatre. But no candid person who takes the trouble to read the book could possibly reckon it an immoral play. Of course there was a good deal of journalistic satire directed at the adaptor, not by anybody who took a conscientious interest in the play for wit's sake or in the purity of the stage for public morality's sake, but by those many journalists who cannot resist the opportunity of planting their little venomous darts in the flesh of any public man who is simple enough to have a gap in his armour. And I have not the slightest doubt that some of those writers who most applauded the censor for suppressing the play, and condemned wholesale the morality it was supposed to teach, would have been the very first under other circumstances to have done precisely the reverse. It was not the drama that irritated them, but the adaptor of it. It was "Who's he forsooth, to go writing to the *Times* about his tin-pot adaptations from the French? Marry come up! we'll teach him" sort of feeling that prompted much of their acrimony. So the cause of art suffered, as it often does, through petty personality. The inconsistency which is to be observed in certain journals regarding any particular subject is instructive to observe. The free lances of *Truth*, for example, were liberal in their satire upon the subject, *Les Lionnes Pauvres* (which they wrongly ascribed to the pen of M. Legouvé) and its adaptor. Yet this very week, as if to give the most trenchant justification of the *raison d'être* of such plays, the same journal publishes a forcibly-written tale, called "How Trixie Booth made Both Ends Meet," which is, in short, precisely the plot of *A False Step*. I am far from saying that the said plot is not a painful one. I suppose the plot of any tragedy is painful, and this is a social tragedy, in which, as the curtain falls, faith and honour lie slain not less fatally than were those pretty babes in the wood whom Robin Redbreast piously did cover up with leaves. Act I, introduces us to the apartment of a fashionable beauty, Mrs. Prendergast, whose husband, an elderly man, yet ignorant of the ways of women, thinks that it is his wife's extraordinary luck in picking up cheap bargains that enables her to dress so very much beyond her position and his means. A whilom ward of Mr. Prendergast's is married to a young barrister called Alfred Duval, and the two families are on most intimate terms. I may say here that the whole story could have been told in three acts as easily as in five, and more effectively. As the story develops it gradually dawns upon the audience that the expensive dresses and jewellery which the lovely Mrs. Prendergast delights in are not purchased with her husband's money, but with the money of her husband's friend, Alfred Duval. The nature of the understanding between this false man and false woman is barely hinted at up to the end of the play, which is as powerfully dramatic as anything Augier has ever written. The English adaptation is undoubtedly weak in parts. Prendergast one is inclined to look upon as a dotting old man, whereas in his position in the play he ought to be invested with an amount of dignity in the face of dishonour that would place him on a level with the noble heroine of the story, Mrs. Duval. In this relation I cannot refrain from again alluding to the famous Becky Sharp and Marquis of Steyne episode in "Vanity Fair." It is quite a parallel instance. And the motive which prompted Becky to deceive her husband is precisely the same as that which prompts Mrs. Prendergast to do likewise. It may be presumed that when Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair" he knew what he was writing about, and that even in that early and virtuous period of the Victorian era such scandals were as possible in fashionable London Society as they are now. To be sure, the fact of Rawdon Crawley punching the wicked nobleman's head when he discovers his wife's perfidy is made more congenial to British tastes than poor Mr. Prendergast's mild and Christianlike behaviour under similar calamity, and certainly for dramatic effect that memorable Sunday night scare in Becky's little drawing-room in Curzon-street is quite unsurpassable. In *A False Step* Job Gosling, a retired greengrocer, and his wife and daughter are impertinent excrescences which go a long way to render Mr. Matthison's version of Augier's drama ridiculous. The play certainly does want an under-plot to relieve it. But in spite of this and other disadvantages, the really dramatic backbone of *Les Lionnes Pauvres* makes itself felt in *A False Step*.

JOSEPHUS.

[Just before going to press, we notice what the reader will not fail to perceive, viz., that the review which deals with Mr. Matthison's prohibited play on another page, and our dramatic critic's comments upon the same subject, diverge considerably. The writers in both cases are dramatic authors; and not having ourselves read the play, we have determined to allow each of our contributors to express his own views.—ED. I. S. & D. N.]

## FOLLY THEATRE.

Of the two new pieces with which the Folly season opened, *The Idol and Stars and Garters*, we should have thought the former would have been withdrawn first. The extravaganza, *Stars and Garters*, was certainly not a brilliant affair at the outset. Nevertheless, we have equally unpromising burlesques worked up into popularity by such accomplished comedians as Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Bishop, and Miss Lydia Thompson. *The Idol*, on the other hand, is a hopelessly feeble production, yet it remains on the bill, although Mr. Paulton, whose performance of the jeweller was its only redeeming point, has been removed to another theatre. The burlesque has been replaced by *Tantalus*, an elaborated edition of a piece called *A Night of Terror*, produced at the Folly some time ago. We cannot say that the piece has been much improved by the alterations which have been made in it, while we miss from the cast Miss Munroe and Mr. Howson, who originally assisted in its performance. Mr. W. J. Hill, however, resumes his old part of Frank Chubby, the amorous locksmith; upon his very droll interpretation of this character the fun of the piece mainly depends. There are few actors on the regular stage (though we find them occasionally in the music hall) who possess Mr. Hill's fund of broad, farcical, utterly pointless, but nevertheless irresistibly laughter-provoking drollery. Therefore, when he is put into a part in which he can clown and "gag" to his heart's content he generally succeeds in amusing an ordinary audience. In *Tantalus* this opportunity occurs to him, and he makes the most of it. The piece is undoubtedly a poor one, so far as dialogue and characterisation are concerned, but it has plenty of bustling action that has carried worse plays successfully along, and to this doubtless is due the degree of applause which it now gains. Mr. Alfred Bishop, as Mr. Peter Grogdodder, is as usual good in a

poor part. Mr. H. Astley takes the part of Tremlow, originally played by Mr. Philip Day. Though he scarcely makes so much of the character as did his more experienced predecessor. Mr. Astley evidences distinct improvement. Madame Vere de Vere was played by Miss Annie Poole, who appears to be an actress of cultivation, and Miss Lydia Thompson played the other leading part without much distinction. Miss Thompson has not appeared in a good part for some considerable time now, and we don't wish to forget that she was always the princess of refined burlesque actresses. Lastly, in *Tantalus*, we were tantalized by seeing Mr. Lionel Brough once again working against the stream in a fruitless endeavour to give character and humour to an utterly characterless and witless sketch of Major Gerard Cotton. We cannot understand the policy of a re-arrangement that will persistently fail to fit an actor like Mr. Brough with a part out of which he can make something; yet it is long since we have seen him in such a part. In a piece played at his benefit at the Globe, months ago, called *Retired* (or *Retiring*, we forget which), he certainly did create a genuine and natural low comedy character, but we have not seen him in it since. We are well aware of the difficulties of managing a theatre which combines comedy with opera-bouffe; nevertheless, with such a company as Mr. Henderson has he ought to be able to overcome those difficulties successfully. We trust he may.

## THE DUKE'S THEATRE.

CONSIDERABLE activity is shown by Messrs. Holt and Wilmot in their management of this theatre. *The Barricade*, noisy but effective, is now succeeded by Boucicault's *Octoroon*, a play sufficiently sensational to gratify any pit or gallery. The interest excited by Jarrett and Palmer's sable and unsavoury troupe in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at the Princess's was no doubt what induced Messrs. Holt and Wilmot to select a drama of slave life in the Southern States of America. Possibly, too, the fact that the *Octoroon* was, as the programme informs the unsuspecting stranger, "originally played by Mr. Clarence Holt and the great Joseph Jefferson throughout America, California, Australia, and New Zealand," had something to do with influencing the mind of the Duke's management in their selection of it. But, howsoever these things may be, the spacious pit and gallery of the commodious Holborn house were filled on Saturday night last by an audience who had evidently come there to enjoy themselves. They followed the five acts and eight tableaux with unmistakable interest. "A Southern Home under a Southern Sun" interested them in the fate of sundry of the characters, and when the plot, through sundry slave sales, lynch trials, burning steamers and explosions, culminated in the "Negro's Quarters—The Poison!!! The Cane Brake—The Death-Fight!!! Freedom of the Octoroon, and the last that was seen of the Indian Wah-no-Tee," the audience appeared thoroughly satisfied, not to say satiated with the strongly seasoned dramatic fare upon which they had so abundantly supped. The members of Mr. Holt's well selected company rendered their various parts with uniform efficiency. Mr. Clarence Holt himself undertook to represent the Indian Wah-no-Tee, as "originally played by him with the great Joseph Jefferson in America, California, Australia, and New Zealand." We are bound to say that he plays the devoted Red Man most effectively, and does not at all resemble the figure on the four-sheet wall-poster which is supposed to be his portrait. As Salem Scudder Mr. Charles Glenly gives an able and even performance. The villainous Jacob McClosky is portrayed by Mr. Jones Finch, who does not fail to impart the evil characteristics of the plotting overseer of Tenebunc. The boy Paul is played by Miss Rose Dudley, Dora Sunnyside by Miss Agnes Consuello, Sunnyside by Mr. David Evans, Salon by Mr. Cyril Birden, while the part of the heroine, Zoe, the Octoroon girl, is interpreted by Miss May Holt with no small degree of ability. Mr. Charles Wilmot, as old Pete, the comic nigger, furnishes much amusement. Mr. Ellerman's scenery is excellent; and altogether the *Octoroon* at the Duke's ought to have a fair run.

## GAIETY THEATRE.

BURNARD's comic drama, *Jeames*, having been removed from the boards of this house, its place is filled by *Stage Struck* and *The Happy Village*. The former old piece is rendered specially attractive by the exceedingly clever performances of Miss Kate Lawler and Mr. Elton. They give a comic version of *The Colleen Bawn*, which is irresistibly laughable. In Miss Lawler, the Gaiety has acquired a comedienne of rare abilities, which have evidently been cultivated by much practice. Among the many new actresses who appear on the London stage we find so few who possess a distinctive style that we cannot fail to acknowledge the advantages of a sound provincial training when we meet with young actresses like Miss Kate Lawler. *Little Doctor Faust* keeps its place on the Gaiety bill, and seems to go with unabated liveliness, owing chiefly to the efforts of Messrs. Royce and Terry and Misses Farren and Vaughan.

## RE OPENING OF WORCESTER NEW THEATRE.

ABOUT eleven months this theatre, with the exception of the four outside walls, was totally consumed by fire. Since then the directors and shareholders have lost no time in the work of resuscitation. On Monday night it was re-opened by Mr. T. C. King, the well-known tragedian, who has become lessee for seven years. The theatre, previous to the fire, had the reputation of being one of the prettiest little buildings in the provinces, and was well-known to the "stars" of the profession. In the work of restoration, however, great improvements have been made in the auditorium, particularly so in the pit and gallery, which will greatly add to both the comfort and sight of the spectators.

Every available seat in the house was occupied on the opening night, and the dress circle presented a very animated appearance, nearly all the *élite* of the city and county being present. *As You Like It* was the piece selected, Jaques being taken by Mr. King, and Rosalind by his accomplished daughter. The performance, taking into account the fact that several of the company had only arrived in Worcester on Monday, was fair, the personations of the two principal artists eliciting frequent and hearty applause. Miss King's rendering of Rosalind was notably appreciated by the audience. Touchstone, by Mr. J. B. Shenton, of Cheltenham, an amateur of considerable local fame, was a very good get-up. Several of the minor parts left something to be desired; but for a first night, with many disadvantages at the back to contend against, the opening may be pronounced a complete success. At the termination of the play, in response to a call from the audience, Mr. King, after a few words of thanks, mentioned some of his engagements for the future, and the bills of fare set forth certainly entitle the new lessee to a better support than has hitherto been accorded to the theatre here. Among the first of these, the mentioning of Mr. Toole's name was the signal for enthusiastic approval. *Our Boys*, *The Two Roses*, and a Christmas pantomime were also among the many incentives thrown out to the Worcester playgoers' patronage. Mr. S. Mullan has been appointed permanent acting manager.

THE Oberammergau Passion Play will not be produced at the Aquarium Theatre.

Miss Louise Moodie has been offered the leading rôle in *Les Fourchambaults*, to be produced at the Haymarket. The part was originally played by Mlle. Agar.

Mr. E. A. Sothorn opened at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on Monday last to an immense house.

Miss Gerard, of the Olympic Theatre, who plays Stella, the dancer, so charmingly, in Charles Reade's version of Sardou's *Andrea*, is engaged for lead in the *Caste* company for the provinces. Mr. R. W. Young, so long connected with that company, will rejoin it, and play his old parts.

*Diplomacy*, with the Kendals, has been in Glasgow and Manchester. At the former place nearly £3,000 was taken in eighteen nights.

Mr. Walter Gooch, of the Princess's Theatre, has purchased the grand captive balloon that has caused so much excitement during the present season in Paris. Arrangements will be shortly concluded for its exhibition in London.

Mr. Edmund Rosenthal will play Lord Allcash in *Fra Diavolo* on Saturday next at the Alexandra Palace.

## SPORT AND THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

New York, October 5th.

The present week has been an exciting one in sporting circles, no less than three events occurring, which have been eagerly attended by crowds of interested spectators.

At one a.m. on Monday the contest for the champion belt, won by Ian O'Leary at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, commenced between O'Leary and John Hughes. The stakes were 1,000 dollars a-side, and the belt. In addition to this, according to stipulations made by Sir John Astley in reference to the match, the loser is to receive one-fourth of any share of gate-money which the winner should receive. The New York Athletic Club assumed charge of the match, and its members acted as judges and timekeepers. Gilmore's Garden was chosen as the place of meeting, and a more desirable place could not have been selected. The tracks were of sawdust, the outer one being one-eighth of a mile, while the inner measured one-ninth.

Promptly at one o'clock the men got the word, and started on their week's work, Hughes on a run and O'Leary with that machine-like steady walk which won for him the belt he brought from England last spring. The first mile was accomplished by the champion in 10.34 and by Hughes in 6.50.

The summary of the walking done by both men in each twenty-four hours is as follows:—

	O'LEARY.	HUGHES.
First Day.....	103	64
Second Day.....	72	89
Third Day.....	69	59
Fourth Day.....	70	71
Fifth Day.....	52	20
Sixth Day.....	31	7

This match has demonstrated clearly the belief which I expressed in these columns nearly three months ago, that Hughes is a "duffer" in every sense of the word. He has had to be driven on the track from the first day, and has persistently refused to do anything without a continual use of stimulants. "I won't stay on the thrack if you don't give me a bottle of cham-pag-nee;" or, "I don't stir a shtep if I can't have a dhrop of brandy," are expressions that have been heard from his tent every hour of the many that he has been in his quarters. He was completely played out at the end of his first run, and came back to his work completely done up. Since then he has hobbled along from time to time, endeavouring to excite sympathy from the crowd by such remarks as "I've got the shtomach ache, and they're making me walk," and "I'm awful sick, but I'll bate him if I die on the thrack," &c. It is a shame and humiliation to pit such a charlatan against a man like O'Leary. Hughes has no record, no skill, no speed, and no endurance. He is a stupid, lazy, ignorant brute, who can no more win a match than he can walk.

O'Leary, a hundred miles and seventeen nearly behind his London record, and yet has kept at work much longer than there was any necessity for, solely to prevent the crowd from being disappointed in not seeing somebody on the track. And yet he is obliged to surrender to this loafer a fourth of the money—about 2,500 dols.—which he has earned.

No bigger speculation could be had than to bring Vaughan over. We would then see two honest workers together, and from the interest which has been manifested in even this *fiasco*, there would be big money in that match even for the loser.

It is to be regretted that the aquatic contest between Hanlon, the Canadian, and Courtney, of America, had so disgraceful a stigma attached to it. Courtney enjoyed an excellent reputation as an amateur, which he had previously injured greatly by some very queer-looking transactions, after he had entered the professional arena; but this last race has lost him the esteem and respect of even his most intimate friends. It was openly stated nearly a week before the race that he had sold it, and the terms of the sale were published in the papers the day before the contest. His own brother gave large odds against him, and it was stated on the receipt of a telegram from Courtney himself.

An immense crowd witnessed the contest on the Lachine, and during the entire five miles the tumultuous cheering of the thousands assembled never ceased for an instant.

The arrival of the Australians, and their first match on American grounds, brought out all the lovers of cricket, who expected to see a one-sided game between the Australian eleven and the eighteen New Yorkers, but this part of the programme was not carried out. At the close of the first day, the New York men had retired for 63 runs, and the Australians for only 68. The peculiar bowling of Brewster, an old base-ball pitcher, bothered the Australians completely, blocking was more necessary than any effort at run getting. The game terminated the next day in a victory for the Antipodean eleven, with four wickets to spare.

At Philadelphia, the next day, the visitors encountered eleven players from the Quaker city, and caught a Tartar; and the game, which occupied two days, and was played before a very large concourse of spectators, resulted in a draw. The score being—Philadelphia 249, Australia 206, and six wickets still up. This unsatisfactory termination was due to the disagreeable conduct indulged in by the Australians, who at one time left the field in a body, on account of a decision made by Mr. Brown, the Philadelphia umpire. The umpire decided the batsman in, and the Australians claimed that he had been stumped out, and they marched off the field for an hour. This delay prevented the finish of the game, which promised to be an interesting one. The behaviour of the Australian players has given rise to much unfavourable comment, and their ungentlemanly conduct is much to be deplored.

Cyrille Dion, a well-known billiard player, died in New York on the 1st inst. The deceased was born in Montreal in 1846, and made his first appearance here, in 1869, in a tournament for the State Championship. His last public match was in New Orleans, in February of this year, against Sexton, by whom he was defeated.

WILLEC.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Thresh, Chemist, High Street, Buxton:—"Many cures of Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds have come under my notice. No other medicine cures so quickly, safely, or pleasantly." Sold by all Druggists at 1s. 1d., and 2s. 6d. per box.—[ADVT.]





Eliza's escape

the slave driver's buffet



A Terrible Temptation

a scene from "Sentenced to Death" at the New Queen Theatre. October 18th/78

The Laws of Love. scene from "Little Cricket" at the Haymarket Theatre. Oct 19/78.

A.H.W.

Real Smoke in a corner of Acton

from G. Monville Fen's "Land Ahead" at Colley's Theatre October 17th



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## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

WHEN I first made my *début* as a journalist it was a decided honour to belong to the "fourth;" but *tempora mutantur*, such a scrubby lot of know-nothings have been allowed to crawl into the Press that the old school are beginning to look askance at each other, and ask "How can these things be? We have lived too long."

Perhaps my readers will think I am qualifying myself for Hanwell by commencing my article in this strain, but these thoughts have been produced by a perusal of papers, sporting proper and otherwise, during the past week, and noticing the criticisms on the eleven cricketers who have gone out on a holiday tour (we are expressly informed that pecuniary advantage is not the object) to the Antipodes.

May I be allowed to ask this callow breed who made them lords and rulers over many old enough to be their grandfathers, and by what right they dictate to a party of gentlemen as to what they should do? The most amusing part of the business is that they stultify themselves by their observations. One and all keep inquiring why Messrs. Maul and Hone are allowed (*sic*) to join the team, and show their ignorance by stating they do not know them. To not know some persons is to be oneself unknown, a saw that I commend to their attention, and when they have licked the blacking off the boots of those they worship until there is no more left, they may discover that these two gentlemen are not the duffers they consider them.

On Thursday last Lord Harris (captain) and Messrs. Absalom, Hornby, Lucas, Maul, Mackinnon, Royle, and Schultz, with the two professionals, Emmett and Ulyett, left Southampton in the Australia, and Messrs. Hone and Maul will join them *via* Brindisi. May health continue with them, and good fortune attend their efforts across the streak! Messrs. F. Penn and R. D. Walker, I hear, are also going to make an Antipodean trip, and no doubt will appear as reliefs, should their services be required.

Advices from Philadelphia, as culled from the *New York Clipper*, do not speak too highly of the behaviour of our recent visitors in the match at that place, and if we are to take the statement there set forth, the Australians were undoubtedly in the wrong. What could Conway have been thinking of to call his men from the field, and still worse, why did Gregory follow such bad advice? As some of my readers may not know what the bone of contention was, I may as well state that the Australians objected to a decision by their opponents' umpire, and because they could not have their own way vacated the field.

Some "tall" talking took place, and the Americans remarked that they also would have had a perfect right to complain in a previous instance when a decision went against them? "Then why did you not object?" quickly asked the other side, and here the Philadelphians went "Nap" with a vengeance, and brought it off by responding, "Simply that we do not dispute the decisions of umpires in cricket in this country, and never heard of an eleven leaving the field on such account."

In their match against the Detroit Peninsular Club, the Antipodean team won by an innings, with 71 runs to spare. The Colonials have arrived safely at San Francisco, and, if all has gone on well, are playing there as I write.

Died, October 17, at 19, South Grove, Peckham, Walter Parker Mynn, aged 75.

Tall scores are not confined to England alone. A match in India, R.E. and R.A. against the World, resulted in a victory for the former, who made 217 against 139, and of that number Captain Caldecott obtained 109, and Mr. G. K. Watts 52.

A club has been formed at Japan by the European residents, and they recently played a match against the Navy, represented, I presume, by the crew of the Audacious, which resulted in a draw.

At the annual meeting of the Oxford University Athletic Club, Montague Shearman, of St. John's, was elected president, *vice* A. Goodwin, Jesus; C. N. Jackson, Hertford, was re-elected treasurer; E. C. Treplin, B.N.C., honorary secretary, *vice* Jackson, of St. John's; whilst C. M. Kemp, Oriel, and M. Portal, Balliol, were selected to fill the vacancies on the committee caused by the retirement of Goodwin and Grenfell.

Warburton, of North-country long-distance fame, is throwing the hatchet out a trifle just now. I wonder whether it is owing to the fact that J. Gibb has announced his intention of leaving the running-track for good? If it be so, I am happy to be able to state that the South London Harrier is getting his tail up, and will forego his intention if "Choppy" talks too much.

Despite the cold and dull weather on Saturday afternoon there was a rare company, estimated at not fewer than 2,000 souls, at Kennington Oval to witness a series of races on behalf of the fund now being raised for the sufferers in the Abercrombie Colliery Accident. Mr. C. J. Fox, jun., ably backed up by an efficient committee, had worked very hard to make the venture a success, and they have reaped a well-deserved reward.

First on the programme came a One Mile Handicap, which had obtained so large an entry that no fewer than ten trial heats had to be run before the final resulted in a dead-heat between J. J. House, St. George's B.C., 140 yards start, and H. L. Cortis, Wanderers, 20 yards (time, 3min 7½sec); and then W. S. Buist, London B.C., 330 yards, secured the Three Miles Handicap easily from F. S. Colman, Chiswick B.C., 400 yards, W. Wyndham, the scratch man, being third. Time, 10min 13sec. Half a score started for the Level Five Miles, and W. Wyndham proved the victor by 15 yards from A. E. Derkinderen, Tower Hamlets B.C., he being but a foot in advance of W. T. Thorn, jun., London B.C., with the Surrey crack, F. T. East, fourth, beaten only half a yard. Time, 17min 8 4-5sec.

John Keen, the professional champion, did a rare performance at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday, when he covered a reputed twenty-five miles in 1 hour 20min 37sec, but I believe I am correct in stating that the course was as nearly as possible a mile short. At Nottingham the same afternoon H. Higham and G. Golland rode a mile, for 50 sovereigns, and the former won easily in 3min 6½sec, his opponent fouling a tree root.

Rare sport was provided at Cambridge on Wednesday last, when the principal attraction was an Amateur v. Professional Five Miles Match, the competitors being the Hon. I. Keith-Falconer and A. P. Trotter, of the University, and John Keen the champion. Trotter, after a couple of miles, was but a spectator, and after a grand race the amateur proved the victor by half a dozen yards, in 15min 12 2-5sec. Keen, however, I hear, was a bit off. On the same afternoon, F. F. Tower, of Trinity, won a Four Miles Freshmen's Race, and J. F. Darrell, of Caius, a One Mile Handicap.

Many of my readers will be glad to hear that Mr. H. T. Eve, of Exeter College, Oxford, has safely returned from his recent trip to the United States. He has published a letter in a contemporary which contains much useful matter, and it is almost a pity he did not adopt a pamphlet work and go more fully into details.

On Monday next a billiard match—second in importance only to a championship—will be played at St. James's Hall between Joseph Bennett (ex-champion) and Tom Taylor, for £200, the game being 1,000 up on a championship-table. As I stated when the affair was first mooted, I fancy Bennett.

Swimmers had a treat on Monday evening, when E. T. Jones, of Leeds, and W. Beckwith, of London, swam 100 yards, for

£50 a-side and a bet of a similar amount, at the Lambeth Baths. Jones after the dive led his opponent all the way, and won by a yard. Of course there was considerable diversity of opinion about the times. Mr. Fred Gale, the official clocker, made it 1min 8½sec, but several others who were well placed, and amongst them Mr. Joseph Jenn, who has had great experience, record the times as one length (25 sec), two lengths (54 sec), full distance (1 min 9 2-5sec, which are the ones I guarantee, as I assisted him and coincided to a 1-5sec. In 1873, when Tom Morris beat Beckwith a twelve lengths' race for a similar stake, he did one length in 26sec, and two in 57sec.

Barnes and Maidenhead played their tie for the Association Cup, at the ground of the former, on Saturday last, and the result was a draw, the umpires having to stop the game when quite dusk. Geldard, of Sandhurst, unfortunately met with a bad accident, and the home team thus played at a disadvantage.

Mr. Grenfell, who, my readers will regret to hear, has met with a severe accident, has already a trial eight out on the Isis, the old Christ Hospital boy, Mulgan, being stroke. I hope he will this year be able to train as I watched him when at school, had a good word for him last year, and am confident he has the making of an useful oar.

Sir John Astley's second "wobbling" Championship takes place next week at the Agricultural Hall. Some good men have entered, and the competition should be close and exciting. Report speaks highly of the chance of John Ennis, an Irish Yankee, but I do not like backing "dark horses," and shall therefore go for those I know something of, and anticipate that on Saturday evening next Weston will be found at the top of the poll, followed home by Barnett of Leeds, Blower Brown, Vaughan, and Higgins in the order given.

EXON.

## TURFIANA.

THE Doncaster racing authorities have prudently taken to heart the lesson often inculcated that it is impossible for mortals or their institutions to survive long upon the airy fabric of a reputation, and they have accordingly set about putting their house in order, and bringing their meeting on a par with contemporary ventures. As a beginning, they have advertised the addition of a "monkey" each to the Champagne and Doncaster Stakes, two of the old-standing dishes of their September entertainment, and as their autumn programme for 1879 is gradually unfolded we shall doubtless find other time-honoured plates and handicaps more handsomely supplemented than heretofore. For some years past race-goers could not fail to remark that there had been a palpable falling off from the palmy days of old, and matters may be said to have reached a crisis at the recent meeting, when race after race fell through, and fields were smaller than ever.

Doncaster was the first to set the example of munificence in added money, and therefore it is somewhat strange to find her the last to follow her own lead, but now that the determination has been taken the past will be speedily forgotten, and let us hope that a bumper meeting may reward her liberality next year. Arrangements are well nigh as perfect as they can be as regards the actual racing, and with extra attractions now provided, the meeting should well retain its reputation as a model one in all respects. *Apropos* of Doncaster, we trust that the long-promised reform in the sale rings may be carried out when we meet there again, and nothing can be more reasonable and fair than that a small entrance fee should be demanded from casuals, who, especially on St. Leger morning, swarm in the enclosure like bees, and effectually retard the progress of business, besides bringing in their train noisy caterers of cards, papers, and the inevitable "mellow pears."

Albert Victor is, we hear, to stand along with Cathedral at Mr. John Watson's paddocks at Waresley next season, and with such advertisements as Victor Chief and Phillippina, to say nothing of other small fry, the brother to George Frederick should not be long in filling his visiting list. At Croft he did very well indeed, an eminent south-country trainer according him very liberal patronage, and he is an especial favourite with his owner, if we may judge from the figure asked for him before he had made any sort of a mark at the stud. The performances of his first batch of two year olds should be a good omen for George Frederick's stock, which will make their first bow in public next year, and Mr. Bell may now retain their sire at Cobham, for which his yearlings did good service in the prices they fetched last year. For ourselves, we have always considered Albert Victor a more likely stallion than his brother, and no doubt he was a better class horse, though an unlucky one, and his lot was cast in a far better year than that which takes its Derby name from George Frederick. The grandsons of Touchstone seem to be holding their own better than those of Birdcatcher, and we wish that the late Mr. Blenkiron could have lived to see his prognostications relative to Marsyas so handsomely confirmed, for not only has the handsome chesnut left behind him sires of repute, but from his daughter Viridis came Springfield, the first "Champion of England." Lord Lyon has come south again, as we anticipated would be the case, and he and Controversy will "assist" Macaroni at Mentmore, where the white-footed bay is sure to be well patronised. Only Placida has kept his name before the public this season, and he seems to spring into notoriety by fits and starts, which is doubtless in a great measure due to his frequent changes of quarters, though he may now be considered as permanently "settled in life."

The executive at Sandown Park deserve the highest credit and the warmest thanks of all true well-wishers of racing for the example they have set in maintaining order in their enclosures, and for their efforts in the cause of suppressing the ubiquitous welsher. In this respect they might well be imitated by promoters of older-established gatherings, and it has been proved beyond question that the purification of the ring can be accomplished if only prompt determination is evinced in adopting the process of disinfection. What can be done at Sandown cannot be an impossibility in other places, where less effectual means are taken to exclude the harpies of the Turf. Of course it is pain and grief to grasping officials to lose so many of the "nimble penances" willingly proffered by the welshing fraternity for the purpose of carrying on their nefarious work, but to wink at their misdoings is palpably short-sighted policy in the long run, seeing that respectable speculators are gradually holding aloof from such doubtful company. Still, the remedy is never likely to be complete until the upper crust of bookmakers take things into their own hands, and band themselves together to keep thieves and defaulters at arm's length, instead of consorting with them as at present, and thereby holding them out as worthy to be trusted by the public.

The Houghton Meeting opened brilliantly, and it is not often we see such good fields as contested the various races. No one cared to give £2,000 for Kaleidoscope after his victory in the Trial Stakes, and the gelding must be worth any money as a trial-master in a large establishment like that presided over by Robert Peck at Russley, where competitive examinations are always going on. Fourteen came out for the First Welter

Handicap, for which the "groggy" Aventurier was elected favourite, but he stood no sort of chance with Greenback's stable-companion, Sutler, whose victory put the Blantonites on good terms with themselves, and "gladly they thought of the morrow." Another field of fourteen cantered down to the last half D.M. starting-post for a Flying Stakes, and again the favourite, Katherine, could only get second to the outsider Woodquest, Red Hazard running a dead-heat with Lord Stamford's filly. That gay deceiver, Cagliostro, for once ran kindly in the All-Aged Stakes, beating Drumhead at 12lb; and then another uncertain gentleman, Dunkenny, repaid the enterprise of those who laid 2 to 1 on him in a Selling Stakes, in which he decisively beat Monachus and Brigg Boy, and was forthwith claimed by Humphreys for 770 guineas. Twenty-three was the complement of starters for the Monday Nursery, for which the talent "spotted" High and Mity and Volary, and the Heath House filly won cleverly by three lengths from Beddington and Flavius, nearly everything being backed at a price. The Criterion was interesting as ever, and Monsieur Philippe left off a warm favourite, Rayon d'Or and Massena being next in demand, while 20 to 1 might have been had about the improving Lancastrian, who has a sort of Sefton aspect about him which augurs well for his three-year-old career. Zut tried on the cutting down business for Rayon d'Or, but without much effect, and both he and Massena cried enough at the Red Post, where the three placed drew out, and Monsieur Philippe coming on won easily by a couple of lengths from Lancastrian and Rayon d'Or, the latter running well under his 7lb penalty, though the winner had the best of him for pace throughout. M. Andre's colt is by Plutus (sire of that good stayer Flageolet), and it is a thousand pities that he will not have a chance of cutting in with our Derby cracks next year, though he may throw down the gauntlet to all comers in the Grand Prize of Paris. A Selling Sweepstakes wound up the afternoon's sport, won by the Queen of Prussia filly from that expensive failure, Deutchmeister, and four others; and so taken was Mr. F. with Mr. J.'s mare that he went on to 740 guineas for her possession.

Good fields were again the order of the day on Tuesday, and a lot of horses were backed for the Three-Year-Old Handicap Sweepstakes, Sutler being installed favourite on the strength of his victory of the previous day, but his penalty told against him at the finish, and Tower and Sword won by a head, a similar distance separating Fordham's mount from Cagliostro, who has taken to run more kindly of late, while he is one of the best looking nags in training. Some very smart sprinters showed up for the All Aged Trial Stakes, and so cleverly did Echo II. dispose of Rowston and Satira, that Lord Dupplin was content to give 800 guineas for her, and be it noted that she is out of Faraday, one of the late Glasgow Stud stock. Merry Heart beat Dinorah, Beddington, and ten others in the Maiden Plate, and found a new owner in Mr. Hibbert for 300 guineas; and the Tuesday Nursery again brought out a large contingent, of which Rosalind and Episcopus justified their favouritism by running a dead heat, with Admiral Nelson a good third, Mr. Gretton and Prince Bathany subsequently agreeing to divide the stakes. Skipping the Cambridgeshire for a while, we saw the venerable Oxonian canter home in front of the Katherine Logie gelding and Monachus for a Sweepstakes; and Charibert disposed of Malabar very readily in the Home Bred Post Produce Stakes, which brought the day's sport to a conclusion. Harking back to the big race, for which thirty-eight sported silk, it will be seen that the advance of Tallos was the main feature in the betting at the post, for nothing could shake Macbeth from his position at the head of affairs, and as appearances were all in his favour, many were anxious to be on at the last moment. Greenback was almost an equal favourite with the Bedford Lodge colt, and then came Tallos, Touchet, Placida, Lord Clive, and Hampton holding their own, with Isonomy retiring to an outside figure, thus enabling Mr. Gretton and his friends to invest their money at very tempting prices.

The winner's performance must be deemed a pretty smart one, considering that he won easily, and was only in receipt of 6lb for the year from Touchet, who never looked or went better in his life, and will yet win a good race for Lord Rosebery. Robert Peck's judgment with regard to La Merveille also proved sound and true, and verily the Russley trainer has worked wonders with horses out of which it might be supposed the very last ounce of usefulness had been drained. Macbeth ran fast, but could not stay well enough to hold his own at the finish, while Greenback was unfortunate in the draw for places, and had to be driven along to gain a favourable position on the higher ground, and Placida did not seem to relish the "collar work" of the race at all, which is not in favour of lightly-framed and rather weak-necked animals of the type of last year's Oaks winner. His weight and the inability to get quickly away told against Lord Clive, but Hampton ran a great horse, the course suiting him to a nicety, and Master Kildare ran respectably, as in the Cesarewitch, but he has certainly been a trifle overrated.

The Second-Class Cesarewitch was set down first for decision on Wednesday's card, but it may be written down a dead failure, and some exceedingly moderate animals contested a Home-bred Post Foal Stakes, which ultimately fell to the share of Placencia, and it is worthy of note that all the six subscribers to this stake were found willing to put down their "century," though Lord Falmouth's two-year-old run of luck could not be beaten. A Selling Stakes fell to Mangostan, who forthwith changed hands for 400 guineas, while Misenus and Titania II. (equal favourites before the race) were his attendants home. In the New Nursery Monsieur Philippe got his wings clipped by Japonica, who was running him at 15lb; but perhaps M. Andre's colt prefers a longer distance than the Rous course, though Massena's position in a great measure confirms the Criterion running, and behind the placed lot and Massena, were Alpha, Gloria, and Lindisfarne. Fanfare won the Ditch Mile Two-Year-Old Stakes from Valseuse and Proposal; and neither Jacobin nor Monk were ever in the hunt with Beadman and Camembert. The Dewhurst Plate came next, and for once Wheel of Fortune placed her backers on thorns for a few seconds, though she won cleverly enough at last. Peace, like most of the Thunderbolts, failed to stay, and Leoville cut up very moderately, Flavius turning out to be the most awkward customer for "the Wheel" to tackle, for Discord seemed to die away at last, and finished only a length in front of Caxtonian. Leap Year, we presume, was only started to come to the rescue in case of anything happening to her stable-companion, so her running must go for nothing, and of the others Peace and Adventure performed respectably. Squeaker ran away with the Cheveley Stakes from Bergere and Bonny King Charlie, and the Criterion Nursery fell to the lot of Ellangowan, a Tickhill-bred youngster of Lord Zetland's, which was well backed, and defeated Mowerina and Telephone with something in hand.

SKYLARK.

THE death is announced of M. Alexandre Yillioing, a celebrated teacher of the pianoforte at St. Petersburg. Among his pupils were the two Rubinstens.

UNDER the title of "Merry Moments" Mr. H. Liston has commenced, in the drawing-room of the Egyptian Hall, his "Mirthful, Musical, and Mystical" entertainment. Mr. Liston from the versatility of his resources, as an impersonator, ventriloquist, and character singer, makes the time of those who visit him fly very pleasantly.

## FAMOUS DRAMATISTS.

(Continued.)

## MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.

DOCTOR PHILLIP CHAMBERLAINE, son of an English baronet, Sir Oliver Chamberlaine, was early in the last century Prebend of Rathmichael Diocese, Dublin, Archdeacon of Glendalough and rector of St. Nicholas Without, a huge, dreary-looking old church in Dublin, which was long ago pulled down. He was a powerful and popular preacher, a rigid performer of his clerical duties, a very worthy gentleman, and, without, of course, losing his contempt for weak-minded people or his respect for strength of mind, he had a great horror of strong minds of the female sex. Whether he sneered at female earnestness and eloquence as "shrieking," after the gallant fashion of his more worthy and journalistic descendants, or not, I cannot tell, but it is abundantly evident that "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer" was, in his estimation, the divinely appointed aim and end of a woman's earthly existence.

Admitting that a female might benefit by reading sermons and essays, the Bible and one or two other suitable works of an instructive character—a cookery book, for instance—Doctor Chamberlaine still affirmed that girls should not be taught to read, because there were such things as novels and plays, whereby the native purity of the female mind might be soiled and evil imaginings engendered. On no account would he have her taught to write. The only use to which a woman could put that accomplishment was the writing of love-letters—an enormity against which he severely and resolutely set his face—and "the scarcely less dangerous interchange of sentiment in the confidential effusions of female correspondence."

Whether Miss Whyte, the lady who became his wife, added to her charms of mind and person the sublime virtues of inability to read and write is another subject upon which I am unable to speak. But I can tell you that in due time she presented him with five children, of whom two were daughters, and one, Frances (born in 1724), took to very bad courses indeed, not only becoming a reader! but a writer! and not only a writer of letters, but a novelist! and, worse! a playwright! and, worse still!! at last—but happily not in the doctor's life-time—she became wife of a play-actor, one Mr. Thos. Sheridan, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

All this was not due to any want of forethought and prudence on the part of Dr. Phillip Chamberlaine. For a long time he resisted the persuasions of his two eldest sons, Walter and Richard, who were anxious to teach Frances to read. For as long was he deaf to the intreaties of Frances herself, whose

\* "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan," by her grand-daughter, Alicia Lefanu. London. 1824.



MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.—(From an old print.)

natural and Eve-like tendencies were towards the tree of knowledge. At last, however, in an evil hour he listened to their arguments and her pleadings. They were to teach her to read, but on no account were they to instruct her in writing. And when Frances began to read the wisdom of her father's counsel was plain. Like a mental half-starved Oliver, she asked for more. She coaxed her brother Walter to disobedience, and by him was secretly taught to write. What good could possibly come of such wickedness? Being able to read and write, she next coaxed Richard, who was studying for the surgical profession, to teach

her botany! And then, growing reckless and desperate, she went farther, and persuaded Walter to teach her Latin!

One of the difficulties our heroine experienced in these early days was the want of paper. Dr. Chamberlaine could not refuse a certain amount of "coarse, ill-coloured" paper (such as publishers sometimes provide for editors), on which the house-keeping expenses had to be regularly chronicled, and on this, surreptitiously abstracted from time to time, Miss Frances wrote her first novel. It was called "Eugenia and Adelaide," was completed in her fifteenth year, and was not published until many years after, when she was dead, and then anonymously. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Lefanu, of Dublin, some time after its publication dramatised it, and it was performed on the Dublin stage. She also wrote at the same time a couple of sermons.

When Frances Chamberlaine was in her one-and-twentieth year, her father's health began to fail, and he gradually sank into a state of mental imbecility, which not long after terminated in his death. She nursed him with tender care and solicitude; but availed herself of the opportunity to do many things against which he would have sternly protested. For instance, she went, for the first time, to the play.

Some few years before, a new actor, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, had appeared in the part of Shakspeare's Richard III., at the new theatre, Aungier-street, Dublin, where he made a sensation as great as Garrick had made by his first appearance a year or so before in London. He was a handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty, the son of an Irish Protestant clergyman, who was Dean Swift's most intimate friend, and who had converted into a flourishing high-class school "King James's Mint," a large house in Dublin, so-called because in the time of the Revolution it had been used for the coinage of pewter, brass, and other base metal money, wherewith the foreign and native troops of King James the Second were miserably paid. Mr. Thomas Sheridan was a great success, and the proprietors gave him the management of their theatre, the fortunes of which he speedily raised to a great height; Pegg Woffington, Barry, Quin, and other great actors played under his management, and Shakspeare was revived with triumphant results.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan had known Garrick in 1743, when he played with him during a short engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, where there had been a quarrel between them arising out of that professional jealousy which is seldom or never absent from "behind the scenes." Nevertheless, when Sheridan heard of Garrick's intention to visit Dublin, he wrote to him as "sole manager of the Irish stage," offering to divide profits with him if he would play a series of Shakspearian and other leading characters, winding up his letter by saying that it was to be regarded as a mere business communication, and that he (Garrick)



ROACH FISHING AT CHERTSEY WEIR.



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## BEARING-REINS.

SIR,—In a letter, which you had the kindness to publish on the 4th October, I replied to a statement contained in an editorial article of the 21st September, concerning the cause of carriage-horses tossing their heads when harnessed with bearing-reins. In the above-mentioned article it is contended that the muscles which raise the head and neck of a horse may be so strengthened by constant use—the result of his being obliged, by the bearing-rein, to hold up his head—that after a training of six weeks he can keep his head raised for several hours without feeling any pain in consequence of it. An acrobat, or professional gymnast, is an example of the muscular powers of the human frame being developed to the greatest extent possible by skillful training; but would he be able, by the exertion of his muscles, to hold his arm or his leg in a horizontal position for half an hour? If not, why should it be supposed that the muscles of a horse's neck can ever be rendered capable of raising his head for two or three consecutive hours or more without any injury or pain being caused by contracting the same muscles for so long a time? In the article referred to, the training of a horse to the use of the bearing-rein is compared to the drilling of a recruit, who gradually becomes accustomed to holding his head erect. There is an essential difference between the two cases. When the recruit carries his head erect, the vertebrae of the neck are in a line with the spine or backbone, and therefore his neck is then in the same position, relatively to his body, as the neck of the horse is with regard to the body of the animal when the neck is extended in a straight line, or parallel with the ground. A horse with his head held up by the bearing-rein, has his neck in a position which may be compared to that of a recruit with his head thrown back, as if he were looking at something immediately over his head. A drill-sergeant never requires a recruit to carry his head in the position alluded to, and therefore he is not like the horse-trainer, who compels the horse to raise his head by the use of the bearing-rein.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
London, 23rd October, 1878.

X. Y. Z.

## THE FATHER OF THE TURF.

Glancing back to the days when, by the death of Ethelwulf, his father, Athelstan had become King of Sussex, Essex, and Kent, having been solemnly crowned at the royal or King's-town, by the pleasantly-flowing Thames, we see him, surrounded by bands of brave, undaunted followers, who were the founders and supporters of his strength and glory, and a powerful, united, self-governing people. In war it is his duty to excel his followers in acts of valour, and fight for victory as well and nobly as they fight for him; and in times of peace he must hold open court for the hearing and redressing of wrongs, and the administration of that justice of which he is the head and fount. Monarchy was not a form and stately show in those old days.

We see his people divided into four classes, the lowest being slaves, bought and sold like cattle; the next above them slaves who had honourably won their freedom; above them the ceals or yeomanry, a strong middle class; and higher yet the thanes or nobles, companions of kings and princes—in peace their ornament, in war their defence. We see that this naturally brave and warlike people have lost the brutal ferocity of their invading ancestors, have put it aside with the pagan creed, of which it was the vital principle, and settling down to the peaceful arts of agriculture and commerce, have been forced to recognise the necessity of unity amongst themselves. Thus we have them associated first by the law of tithing or neighbourhood, in which they each and severally have agreed to support each other's rights, redress each other's wrongs, contribute to repair each other's losses in time of trouble from pestilence, famine, flood, or accident. When war arises they march to the battle-field shoulder to shoulder. On holidays they feast at a table common to them all. At their birth-day rejoicings they all gather together for mutual congratulation. At the wedding feast they quaff together the jolly mead, or bride-ale; and when death has closed a neighbour's eyes, every brother of his tithing follows in the great funeral procession to the common graveyard, where each contributes a stone to the dead man's cairn. If a quarrel disturbs their avocations—and they frequently do—they meet to arrange its settlement. If one of their number becomes a permanent source of trouble to the little community, in solemn conclave they proclaim him an outlaw and vagabond, to be driven with scorn and loathing out into the woods and wilds, as one unworthy of good fellowship and the protection of the laws they reverence and obey; they having in dreadful and vivid remembrance the horrors of a time when the blessings of such laws were unrecognised. Once a month there is a great holiday gathering, when in warlike array they march to the wapentac or court of the hundred where the hundredary, whom they have elected for his wisdom and power, presides. His high duty it is to settle any disagreement which any of the tithings forming his hundred may have been unable to deal with; to keep packs of hounds for the destruction of the wild boars, wolves, foxes, and other destructive animals, to be their leader in war, inspect their arms and superintend their warlike exercises and discipline. He stands armed to receive them, and as each tithing man, passing the hundredary, he bends before him and touches his spear with his own in token of his readiness to obey him and fight for him. For these duties, he receives a certain quantity of corn from each tithing, and one-third of all the fines inflicted for criminal offences, properly tried by judge and jury. He in his turn obeys the magistrate next in rank above him, the tithing man, who has in his turn been publicly elected to rule over the hundreds, as the hundredary rules over the three or more tithings. To his court of higher appeal business of wider importance and quarrels, more mischievously contagious, are brought for settlement. There the wills of the dead, and sales of estates are ratified, and other matters of greater

importance to the country at large are disposed of. But he in his turn is under the watchful eye of the alderman, eorl or earl, the governor of the entire shire or county, a thane of lofty rank and high descent, a little king, elected by the people for his personal worth and high deservings. Twice a year he presides at his more stately court, the shiregemote, a little parliament under the great parliament, or wittenagemots, at which last law men, magistrates, thanes, land owners, abbots, and the clergy generally assemble under the presidency of the great king, Athelstan. Opening with earnest prayer for heavenly guidance and the gift of wisdom, the wittenagemot proceeds to its high and solemn duty of making, altering, or improving laws, imposing or apportioning or withdrawing taxes as the necessities of the state or condition of the people's circumstances demand, and that of trying powerful criminals too strong to be grappled with by minor powers, or deciding other disputes as important to the state, but of a civil character.

It was to such a king and such a people that Hugh Capet, the Germanic monarch of France, a warlike and powerful ruler, who did much for the consolidation of the French nation, sent that present of race-horses, on the strength of which Athelstan has so long been claimed by sporting chroniclers as royal father of the turf and founder of the English racecourse. Beyond the mere fact of such a gift having been forwarded by the great King of France, with his solicitation for the hand of Athelstan's sister, however, we have no more distinct indication of racing as a sport being adopted by our good old rude feast-loving, ale-loving, superstitious, industrious, simple-minded, law-abiding, and order-loving Saxon forefathers. Moreover, we are of opinion that Athelstan could have had but little time for sport, for apart from the heavy and constant pressure of his duties as chief justice or king, and head of a fiery parliament, the Danes were in his time awfully troublesome, and the country his pagan forefathers had won by the sword, had by the sword to be maintained against a kindred race who were pagans still.

Athelstan was raised to the throne in 845, and governed with resolute energy, activity, and considerable ability. Circumstances point to the then flourishing and royal city of Chester as his favourite place of residence. We know that he made the savage pagan invaders pay heavily for their several invasions of his coast, and was for the most part victorious, but how long he lived, where, or in what manner he ended his life, or the place of his burial, never a record exists to show.

MR. SOTHERN has promised to play Lord Dundreary at Brighton.

MR. CORNEY GRAIN has started in search of health in the Mediterranean.

THE St. Albans coach will run this winter.

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## STOCKTON RACES.

1879.—SECOND DAY.

The LAMBTON PLATE of 100 sovs added to a Sweep-stakes of 25 sovs each, for two-year-olds, colts, fillies and geldings 8st 10lb; maidens allowed 7lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes, and if 15 subscribers the third to save his stake. 10 subscribers or no race.—T.Y.C., Red Post.

Yearlings of 1878.

1879 80.—THIRD DAY.

First Year of the Twenty-third ZEILAND BIEN-NIAL STAKES, for yearlings of 1878, of 100 sovs each, half forfeit, with 100 sovs added each year. The second to save his stake each year. To be run as two-year-olds in 1879, colts 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings 8st 6lb; winners once previous to starting to carry 6lb, twice or once of 200 sovs 8lb, twice of 200 sovs or once of 300 sovs 10lb extra; maidens allowed 6lb.—Five furlongs.

And again as three-year-olds in 1880, on the first day; colts 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings 8st 7lb; winners in 1880 once previous to starting to carry 6lb, twice or once of 200 sovs 8lb, twice of 200 sovs or once of 300 sovs 10lb extra; maidens allowed 6lb. Those got by untried stallions or out of untried mares allowed 3lb each year, if claimed at the time of naming (one untried allowance only). 20 subscribers or no race.—One mile and a half.

Yearlings of 1878.

Please claim the untried allowance if entitled.

1880.—SECOND DAY.

The HARDWICK STAKES of 10 sovs each, half forfeit, with 100 sovs added to run at two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings 8st 6lb; winners once previous to starting to carry 6lb, twice or once of 200 sovs 8lb, twice of 200 sovs or once of 300 sovs 10lb extra; maidens allowed 6lb; those got by untried stallions or out of untried mares allowed 3lb, if claimed at the time of naming (one untried allowance). The owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs out of the stakes.—T.Y.C., from the Red Post.

In addition to the above sum given to the Owner of the winner of this race, a Bonus of 100 sovs will be given to the Breeder of the winner from the Race-Fund.

Foals of 1878.

Please claim the untried allowance if entitled.

1881.—SECOND DAY.

The GREAT NORTHERN LEGER of 10 sovs each, 5 forfeit, with 100 sovs added, for then three-year-old colts, 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings 8st 6lb; the winner of any three-year-old sweepstakes of 1,000 sovs to carry 12lb; the winner of any race (including handicaps) of 300 sovs in 1881 to carry 9lb extra; the winner of any race (including handicaps) of 100 sovs in 1881 to carry 5lb extra; weights not accumulative; maidens allowed 7lb. The second horse to receive 25 sovs out of the stakes.—One mile and a half.

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LIVERPOOL SPRING, 1879.—The MOLYNEUX STAKES, with 300 sovs added, for two yrs.-old.

FIRST DAY.

LIVERPOOL JULY, 1879.—The MERSEY STAKES, with 300 sovs added, for two yrs.-old.

FIRST DAY.

LIVERPOOL JULY, 1880.—The ST. GEORGE STAKES, with 500 sovs added, for three yrs.-old.

SECOND DAY.

The BICKERSTAFFE STAKES, with 150 sovs added, for three yrs.-old.

LAST DAY.

LIVERPOOL JULY, 1880.—The SEFTON STAKES for three yrs.-old fillies, with 150 sovs added.

FIRST DAY.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN, 1880.—The LIVERPOOL LEGER, with 500 sovs added, for three yrs.-old.

\* Nominations received by Messrs. Weatherby, 6, Old Burlington-street, London; Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, London; Mr. R. Johnson, St. Mary's, York; or Messrs. Topham, Wrexham; or Messrs. Topham, Chester.

## YORK SPRING MEETING, 1879.

\* The following Stakes CLOSE and name on the TUESDAY after the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, 1878.

FIRST DAY.

The ZETLAND STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, for two yrs. old, colts, 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 6lb. T.Y.C., five furlongs 44 yards. (Now yearlings.)

SECOND DAY.

The EGLINTON STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, for two yrs. old, colts, 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 6lb. T.Y.C. (Now Yearlings.)

Mr. R. JOHNSON, of York, Clerk of the Course.

## DERBY SUMMER MEETING, 1880.

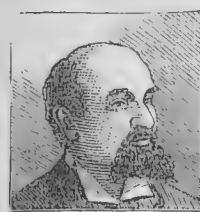
FIRST DAY.

The CHAMPION BREEDERS' FOAL STAKES of 600 sovs (400 sovs to the owner, and 200 sovs to the breeder of the winner); colts to carry 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings 8st 6lb; the winner of any race (selling races excepted) value 200 sovs or two of 100 sovs to carry 4lb, of two of 200 sovs or one of 500 sovs 7lb, extra (extreme penalty); maidens at starting allowed 7lb; foals from untried mares or stallions allowed 3lb, but only one allowance. Entrance 3 sovs, the only liability; 5 furlongs, straight. (No foals.)

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The following letter has just been received from Signor Urio, the well-known operatic artist.

London, July 29th, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to state that after using the Eau Malleron some time, I have obtained quite a marvellous result. I am certain that through it I shall recover my hair exactly as it was before. I am, indeed, much obliged to you.

Yours very truly, URIO.

You may show my letter to any inquirer, and do what you think fit with it.

(From a Lady.)

Stratford-on-Avon, June 29th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I have just finished the bottle of Eau Malleron I received from you just a month ago. It certainly has proved beneficial to my hair, as it is thicker at the roots, and has grown a little over an inch.—Believe me, yours truly, C. H.

Hull, May 3rd, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I have commenced with the Eau Malleron, and fancy it begins to do good; in any case the skin of the scalp appears to get softer, showing more life.—Yours, J. E.

Bibleton, near Preston, May 27th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour to hand, I have not used the Eau Malleron for a month. I have been away from home, and my whereabouts uncertain, so did not send for any. My hair is thicker, though I do not follow out the directions perhaps as rigidly as I ought.—Yours sincerely, J. C. S.

Lerwick, June 9th, 1878.

M. J. LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have finished the last bottle of Eau Malleron supplied by you. To speak candidly, I think that where the mixture was most used the hair is thicker, but it is very fine and short.—Yours obediently, G. W. H.

Trowbridge, June 17th, 1878.

MONSIEUR LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to enclose a cheque for one bottle of Eau Malleron, as before, and should be obliged your sending it early to the above address. Progress as yet, I fancy, is slow, and may after another bottle improve, that I may report to you with entire satisfaction.—I remain, yours, &c., W. S. W.

Bath, April 9th, 1878.

J. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d., and will thank you to send me a large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair has improved wonderfully since I have used this preparation.—Yours, &c., J. F. M.

34, Avenue du Pont Neuf, Limoges, France.

DEAR SIR,—My treatment is finished. I promised to write and let you know the result. I have the satisfaction to tell you that the result has been on all points in accordance with the terms of your little pamphlet. My hair had disappeared for many years without any apparent cause. It has grown much more than I could have expected. I had large bare places which are now quite covered with hair.—Yours, &c., F. DESCHAMPS.

Jermyn-street, London.

M. LODOIS.—I am so pleased with your treatment that before leaving London for the provinces I feel bound to thank you. My hair has, under your care, made rapid progress. Please send me two bottles of Eau Malleron, for which I send the money.—Yours, &c., P. E. G.

Suffolk.

M. LODOIS.—Will you send me a pint bottle of Eau Malleron? I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d. Please send receipted bill, and say when it is sent off, because of the delay I often have with parcels. I think the Eau Malleron is excellent for preventing the hair from coming off, and it has caused new hairs to grow.

Miss G. R.

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## AUTUMN ROACH FISHING.

THERE is a glory in autumnal scenery which has an individuality unshared by any other season of the year. The verdure of fields and meadows is not so delicately green as in spring, but of a deeper and more serious hue; the hedgerows, perchance, here and there have lost their foliage, and the white thorn shows its bare branches to the equinoctial winds which sweep through it; the chestnuts have put on a golden livery of sadness; and the wind rustles the crisp brown foliage of the beeches with a somewhat merry sound. The water of the stream anigh is equally changed with the changed aspect of the year. The land floods, scanty though they have been, have increased the volume of the river, and the colour of its waters is no longer crystal-pure, but laden with a deepened colour—constituting a climate in which the *élite* of the piscine world will revel in uncontrolled delight.

Of all seasons for roach-fishing—and they are many, varying from June to March—this is the most after mine own heart. With the swollen river arise hitherto-unseen Brobdingnagian roach on an exploring expedition. They are seeking the tender stalks of submerged grass on the willow banks, and the accumulated wealth of garbage brought down by the impatient stream. The wealth of insect life, held in check before, now crowds on the waiting fish, and the grubs and worms of the land furnish a rich harvest, of which *leuciscus rutilus* is not slow to avail himself. True, the lark no longer mounts the high vault of heaven, pouring out its soul-thrilling melody; the nightingale no longer trills her enchanting trill in the near thicket; no longer does the sweet little sedge-warbler twitter and carol in the reeds, and the kingfisher gladdens the sight but seldom; nevertheless, however, we visit the stream with a glad and expectant heart, and verily we have our reward.

For all the summer long the roach whom we are now pursuing has been the "water sheep," as the sainted Izaak termed him. He has allowed rye-pecks to be driven in aside his "swims," and has been in his callous humour beguiled by gentle and redworm, ground-bait, and strong tackle. His heart has been in the joyance of summer frolic, too sportive to suspect guile, and often has he, with the entire herd of his *confrères*, been deluded into a belief in the genuine character of the bait, to his own destruction. Not so now, however; the scene is changed. No longer recalcitrant and daring does he haunt the clear shallows, coquetting with every food-like object; no longer with eager voraciousness does he attack the ground-bait and the seductive gentle; but glutton and solemn he now, like a satiated alderman, seeks the quiet eddies consequent on a tumultuous stream, and, content with the *menu* it affords, he quiescently waits the advent of some extra toothsome morsel, and then with caution, born of *dolce far niente* living, he either accepts it or turns up his cyprinid nose in disgust, with the nonchalance of a dyspeptic *roué*.

The habitat of roach at this season is strictly in accordance with scientific principles. Not that the roach, with all his educated cunning, is capable of scientific research. But the fish, appreciating the fact that a flush of water must inevitably increase the force of the stream, has retired behind some obstruction, knowing that all live food would also by an instinct of self-preservation seek the quietude it has adopted; and that by a natural law, all dead food would have a tendency to float to the haven it has gained. Therefore, when the light float-tackle is rigged up, and the wriggling tail of the lobworm is directed with careful skill by the autumn roach fisher into the eddy in question, small wonder that *Leuciscus rutilus*, without hesitation, accepts the succulent bait as a providential meal to be instantly accepted.

I find, however, that I have not described the tackle usually brought into requisition in this style of fishing. Briefly, then, it consists in a light Nottingham rod—made by the far-famed Trent-fisher, Bailey, or his congener Walter Wells, an equally famed tackle maker of Nottingham—a fine line and a delicate drawn gut "link," or "bottom," on which is a moderate sized hook. As shown in our sketch, the spots for the fish referred to are usually near a rushing stream, and in an eddy round which the water slowly swirls. The bait is a lob-worm, or rather the tail of a so-called "maiden," or dew-worm, which has been scoured in moss for a few days previous to render it tough and additionally clean. Very seldom is it necessary to cast away this bait for caddis, or gentle, or red-worm, for the roach loves it right well, and not unfrequently a goodly perch also pays his *devoirs* in more senses than one to the "maiden" aforesaid.

Another style of roach-fishing in autumn, which I had almost forgotten, however, consists in "legering" or "tight-corking" for these gentry. The legering is similar to the method in barbel fishing, but it is usual to use a finer "leger" for the reason that roach do not bite so fiercely as barbel when on the feed, and because they require to be struck with greater rapidity. Tight-corking is a modification of "legering," in which a float supplements the small bullet or leger. The cork lies flat, or nearly so, on the water, and thus if it assumes an upright position there is, undoubtedly, a fish taking the bait. The angler, of course, at once strikes and "finds the biter bit." The latter plan has, however, but a qualified approval from me. I do not care for the cumbersome tackle it involves, and consider that a "leger," *pur et simple*, indicates and calls forth a greater show of skill than the tight-corking business can do. The leger depends for its successful issue on a perception of feeling as well as other faculties, whilst the tight cork is a matter for sight only. However, both are useful in their way.

In autumn and winter roach-fishing few are skilled. It needs no ghost come from the dead to tell a summer roach-fisher that he will find his quarry in almost any swim contiguous to weeds with a depth of from three to six feet. Summer is the "sallet" period for these fish, and everybody—even Macaulay's New Zealander—would expect to find *leuciscus rutilus* in the places indicated; but, as before suggested, when the winter approaches they become somewhat capricious, albeit, nevertheless, amenable to rule and rote, and seek the artful pigmy whirlpools and secluded havens contiguous to some swift stream. The ordinary angling novice would not dream of seeking them here. If he be put down by the side of a stream which he had been previously informed contains a good general modicum of coarse fish, ten chances to one but that he forsakes roach-fishing at this period and betakes himself to barrelling, or paternostering, or trolling for pike. Yet probably behind the bush of rushes near him, in a few inches or feet of water, there is a closely packed shoal of fishes waiting the hook of the fisher! There is yet a volume to be written on the haunts of fish at different periods of the year.

In order to show what can be done by judicious and skilled roach-fishing in autumn and winter, I will narrate a little incident which occurred at Old Windsor in connection with your humble servant's experience on that glorious part of the grand old river. It was in October of 1876, and the water had "pushed up" some eighteen inches above its normal height, when a friend in town telegraphed as follows: "Got any roach your way? Wire back, and I will come to-morrow if you have." I "wired" back, as desired, the laconic message, "Come and see," and come he did by the first train to Wraybury station next morning, meeting me at the ferry immediately below Old Windsor lock.

Now opposite the ferry but is a lagoon of no very considerable depth, formed by a jutting of the bank into the main stream. Within a few yards of this jutting bank I had in early season

taken a good six-pound trout, and I knew that if we expected sport at all it was here to be found. Embarking in my little punt we therefore, having duly invoked the piscatory deities, made the best of our way across stream to a spot about ten yards above the principal eddy, which, in consequence of the increased volume of water, was slowly, and with oily steadiness, swirling in delicious rings, oh! so roachily.

We moored the boat with a weight carefully and quietly lowered overboard (for I have a strong objection to ramming in a great rye-peck, and I conceive the fish have a stronger), and then began arranging our tackle. This consisted, as before stated, of light Nottingham manufacture, and as a hook-bait I selected a red cockspur worm, whilst my friend indulged himself with the tail of as opaline a "maiden" lob as ever gladdened the eyes of a dace fisher. The first swim down landed me in a good dace, and, dear me, how pluckily he fought, but with all grateful respect I was somewhat displeased with his presumption, seeing that I wanted, not a *vulgaris* or common *leuciscus*, but a *rutilus* or red-finned one. I, however, soon pacified myself with a sip of the Nepeuthe yclept *Spiritus Hordei Scotici Anglice* Scotch whisky. Taking a few of the rougher lobs I had in the boat, I threw in a handful high enough up to ensure their falling as nearly as possible in the centre of the before-mentioned eddy. Thereafter as soon as might be, down floated the pearly tail of the worm impaled on Dick's (my friend) hook, and not long after followed mine. Dick's got to its destination first, however, for it had no sooner arrived at the turning point of the stream than it disappeared with a sliding motion delightful to behold. Ching! went the fine line like a harp-string in the morning air, and the redoubtable Dick was fast into a "good-'un" in angler-phrasology. It was a barbel of four pounds, and "I guess we did for him, stranger." The next moment saw me struggling (metaphorically) with a good pound roach, and he was a beauty when he found an apotheosis in the well. By-the-bye, good angler-reader, isn't a pound Thames roach a beautiful fish? There are his brilliant eyes and his silvery sides gleaming in the sharp sunlight, his grass-green back and crimson fins are models of colour and symmetry. The wide-spread tail, how suggestive of power! and the tiny head, how patrician-looking! and *leuciscus rutilus*, at this season, is as good as he looks for breakfast, baked with bay leaves.

To return, however. Dick and I managed a thirty-pound basket between us. The incident (for every day's fishing has an incident) was as follows: Dick and I, with lines within a foot of each other, and floats seeking to embrace, were traversing the stream full carefully, when down went Dick's cork, and immediately after down went mine. Of course we hooked our fish (do I ever miss a good bite?), and soon it became apparent that either I was entangled with my friend's line, or he was with mine. Moreover, there was a fish attached somewhere. At last we got our difficulty unravelled by the safe landing of the fish—a perch—and by the immortal god Jingo, if he was hooked at all. He had merely managed to wind himself, spines and all, in and out our lines, and so contrived to envelope himself by the aid, probably, of the eddy, as to present the appearance of a fly in a spider's web. My lord, *perca fluviatilis*, however, plumped down the scales at near two pounds, so we condoned his offence, and by the aid of spirituous comforts got over the dispute as to whom he properly belonged.

But the end of the space allotted me approaches, and I would give a hint to would-be autumn and winter roach-fishers as to the pursuance of the fascinating sport. First, good reader, roach, like perch, become more gregarious about October, and are, during early flood time, to be found as indicated—seldom in the stream. Next, throw in a few worms "pinched up" before commencing to fish, and be in no hurry over beginning. Use the lightest tackle, and endeavour in all cases, when a fish is hooked, to lead it away from the swim and its fellows, for despite Walton's calumny as to the stupid character of this fish, I am certain that fish do communicate by signs, if not by sound, to each other news evil and good. Perchance, hereafter, some adaptation of the microphone may render their language audible; till then, however, it is a safe conjecture for the angler that they telegraph by some means tidings of good and ill. Above all things, as St. Paul hath it, "study to be quiet," or, as Piscator puts it, "be quiet" when "you go a-angling" for roach.

## HIND HUNTING.

As October slips away, and the dreary fogs and rain of November settle down on the forest, Exmoor and its surrounding heaths bear a very different aspect from what they did when the old stag was roused beneath the bright August sun, and hind hunting, which has come in when stag hunting went out, is pursued under very different circumstances. Deer are our only beasts of chase, of which the male and female are in season at different periods of the year, and hunted at different times. Hence in all forest laws and old works on hunting the stag and the hind and the buck and doe are always separately named, and spoken of as distinct animals, although they are merely male and female of the same species. Thus, the stag is hunted from the time the velvet leaves his horns, about the middle of August, until the time when he seeks the society of the hinds in October, near about the 8th or 10th, though really it may vary a little according to the earliness or lateness of the season. Before August he has not arrived at his prime as regards condition, so that he is not in full strength to stand before hounds, neither is his flesh so good; while after the middle of October his neck swells, his meat becomes rank, and if roused he would be far more likely to show fight than run.

It is at this time that the hinds come into the perfection of condition, and stag-hunters turn their attention to them, and hunt on as long as the state of the weather will permit, for it must be understood that in the chase of deer hounds have to work so much in the water that it would be injurious to them in very severe weather; and again, heavy rains causing floods would render the rivers impassable, and so put an end to the sport. At this time, come when it may (generally about the commencement of the New Year), they are no more molested in the present day, though formerly they recommenced on Lady Day, and hunted hinds until the 10th of May. There was much danger of doing mischief, however, in this arrangement, and Dr. Collins, in his "Wild Red Deer Hunting in Devon and Somerset," says—"In the spring hunting much care is required in the selection of a deer, as the hinds and calves have separated, and the stags have lost their horns; and I have often known a stag or young deer, tallied, and run and killed by mistake at this season. The experienced huntsman, if the animal has not been viewed and passed by good authority, should note carefully the 'slot' or footprint of the quarry before the hounds are laid on; and, unless he be sure that it is a hind that has been roused, no persuasion should induce him to lay on." In the autumn there is no danger of making any such mistake, and when a hind has been roused and viewed away, the huntsman may lay on his pack with a clear conscience. The whole thing is very different from stag hunting; there is none of the crowds that are to be seen on Cloutsham Ball or at Mountsey Hill Gate, Anstey Barrows or Gard Down present then; for independent of the mere holiday people who there throng to the fixtures, many gentlemen turn their heads for home when the stag-hunting is

over, and it is only the most zealous who stay on to finish the season with the hinds, so that these and the neighbouring farmers constitute the majority of the field, and not half the numbers will make their appearance that were to be seen surrounding Arthur and the pack in August and September. Even keen men like the Rev. J. Russell then forsake them, and turn their attention to fox-hunting, as it is related of him that although he scarcely ever has missed a day during the stag-hunting for many years, he is seldom to be seen at the fixture after hind-hunting commences. There are a good many reasons for the two sports being so differently appreciated, and one no doubt is (though this would have no weight with the veteran we have spoken of) that the hinds run so much longer and stronger than the stags, and when one is roused there is often a chase of hours before she is taken. This may sound a strange cause for people deserting the sport, but when we come to consider that a good stag will give the best men and horses quite as much as they can do to go well with the hounds and live through to the finish to see him pulled down, it will be evident that hind-hunting may prove too much of a good thing for the multitude.

Moreover, at this time of year, the days are shorter, and the evenings close in rapidly, and for a stranger to have to find his way home alone for twenty or five and twenty miles over Exmoor in the dark is a somewhat serious matter, and only those who have tried it know the sensation of seeing darkness settle down on those wild lonely hills, perhaps with a sea fog rising from the Bristol Channel, and no human habitation within miles. There is also another consideration, which is that the moor itself is in a very different state to ride over in August and November. Dried by the summer's sun, it is, at the former period, as a rule, capital going, and although there are soft places in it we admit, there are few that a horse cannot cross in his gallop without much danger save "The Chains," which are only rideable in certain tracks, and Mole's Chamber, a delightful place which happily we have never seen, which is said to have derived its name from an ancient worthy yclept Mole having been there swallowed up and smothered, together with his horse. In November the case is very different. Exmoor, naturally retentive of wet, has become deep from the autumn rains, and the soft places of which we have spoken, and which perhaps would not have let a horse in deeper than his fetlocks, have now attained to the dimensions of sloughs, which would probably sink him to the shoulders and roll him over, though there is little danger that he will not be able to struggle out again if given time and judiciously managed, as, save those named, there are no bogs here to engulf a horse as there are in the New Forest. At all times we would counsel a stranger to select a pilot who knows this country instead of trusting to himself, but especially late in the season in the hind hunting, or he may chance to come to grief; and let us tell him that should his horse struggle out of a slough before him and get away, he will probably give his boots a fair share of work before they press the stirrup irons again, unless very considerate friends are at hand to recapture the truant. We have seen this happen, and never yet saw a man with a much more miserable expression of countenance than he who tried the experiment. The moor in a wet season, with its long, rank herbage, is not exactly the place we should select for pedestrian exercise. Now also it rides very deep, and is consequently much more distressing to horses; and one who sailed gallantly across its comparatively dry surface earlier in the year, might now decline at very short notice under the same weight. All these considerations tell against hind-hunting becoming as popular as the chase of the stag.

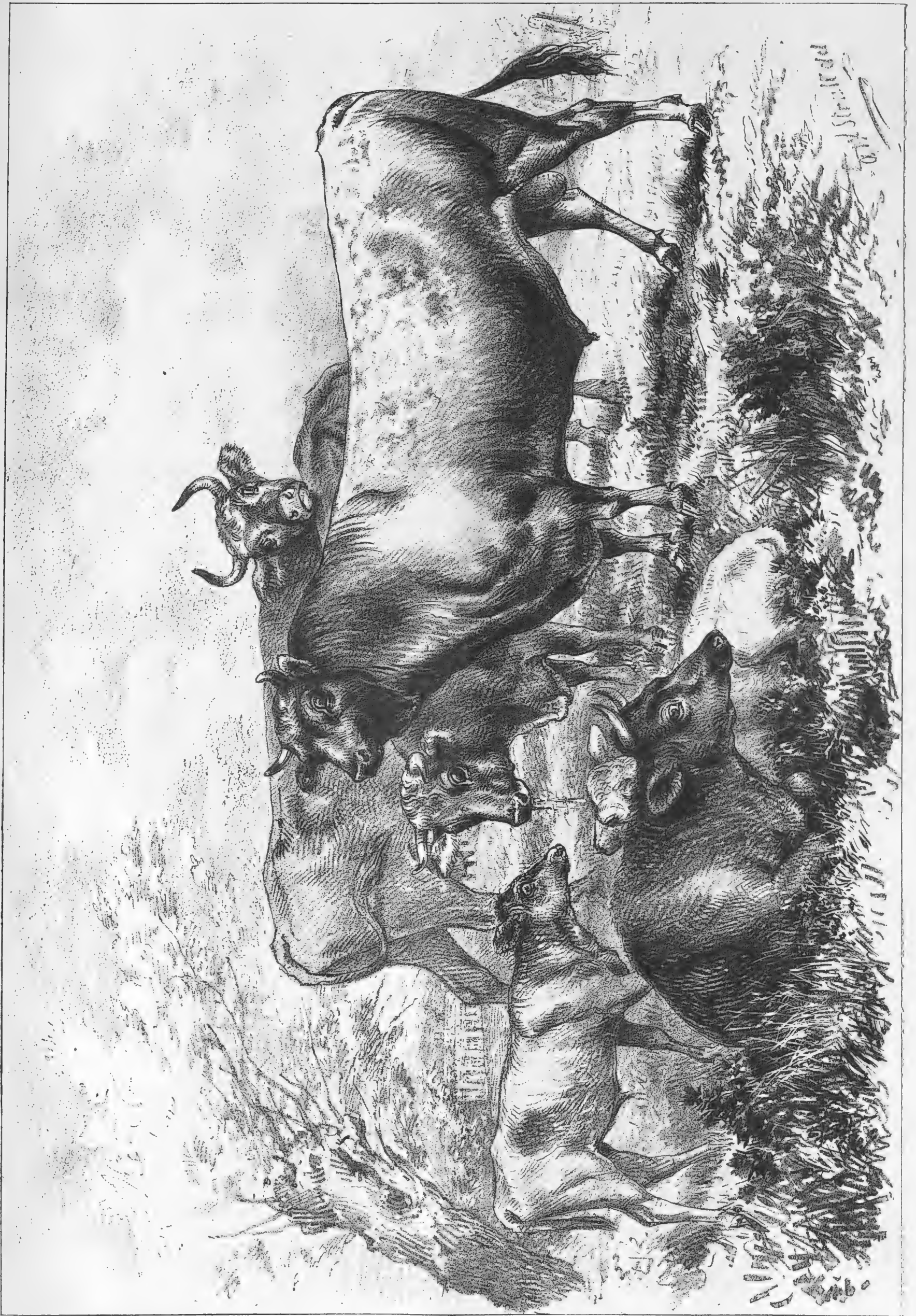
Another thing is the weather. North Devon and Somerset are places that should emphatically be seen in fine weather, and whether we look across to the Welsh hills under a clear blue sky, or try the same prospect through murky rain clouds, makes a material difference to the pleasures of the day, and the same may be said of the lovely combs and valleys of the Exe and Barle. This is a wet country, and even in the stag-hunting a man is almost sure to encounter a good average of bad and uncomfortable days, so that wise men seldom venture on the hills here without waterproofs and means and appliances to keep themselves dry in case of storms. A regular Devonshire settled rain nothing will keep out.

Of course the average of bad days must be much increased as the year declines, and those who stay on amidst bad weather, and with a great deal of the beauty of the scenery gone from the fall of the leaf, must be regular enthusiasts in wild sport, and we think nine out of ten, even keen sportsmen, would prefer to emigrate to more civilised quarters when winter comes on, leaving altogether out of account the lingering in country lodgings or hotels in out of the way places, when the beauty of Autumn has departed, with no society, and only a last year's almanack, a paper of the week before last, and perhaps an old family bible, in the way of literature for amusement. Fine as is the sport shown with the hinds, it certainly is not for the ordinary type of hunting men, and no one can be surprised at the migration which usually sets in from these wilds when stag-hunting ceases and hind-hunting begins. A few who have come late may perhaps stay in for a fortnight or so, but after that it is generally left to the natives.

## A REMARKABLE EQUESTRIAN EXHIBITION.

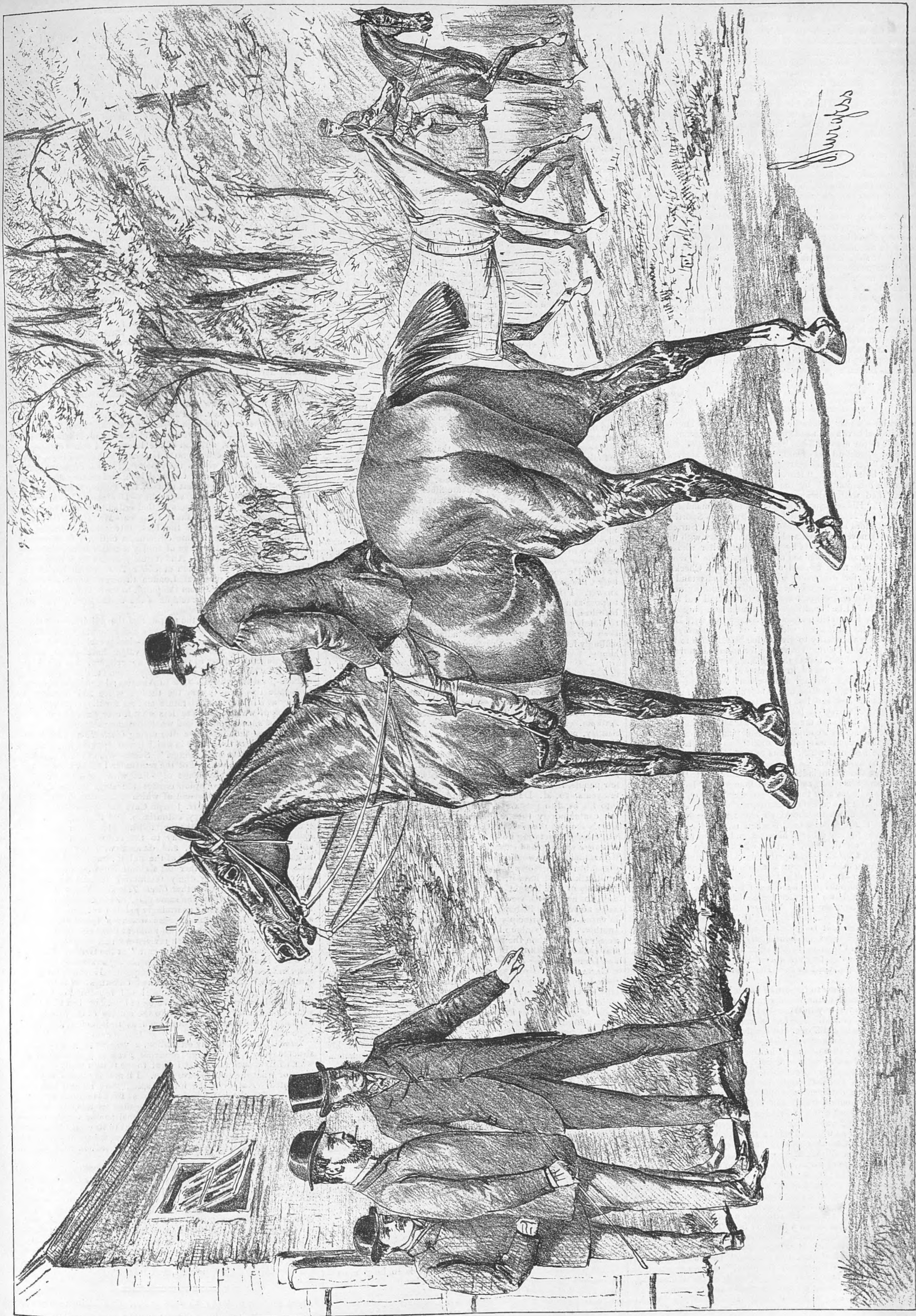
AN American contemporary gives the following interesting account of a remarkable equestrian exhibition now on view in New York. The horses employed are of the kind known as the Broncho, or trained wild horse of the prairie. They are very hardy animals, sure-footed, intelligent, and oftentimes vicious. Eight of these horses, under the careful handling and training of Mr. Freyer, perform a great variety of feats, which amazes one, upon reflection, at the time and patience it must have required to teach them what they know. As they come dashing into the ring, they arrange themselves in line and the roll is called. A pure white broncho called Piccadilly acts as the sergeant of the squad, who wheel in squadron, in pairs and singly, divide and go in opposite directions around the ring, and perform other evolutions. Then they form in rank again, eight abreast, and a handkerchief is dropped at the outside of the ring. The order is given and the outside horse picks it up with his teeth and passes it to the next horse, who takes it in his mouth and passes it to the next, and so on to the last horse. Piccadilly then disbands the squad by touching each horse on the flank and crowding him out of the ranks. Then followed a great variety of feats, such as calling two horses by name from the stable; the tying of a handkerchief around the leg of a horse, the latter undoing it with his teeth; the raising of the lid of a box and taking out a handkerchief and the putting of it back again; and the finding of any article buried in the sawdust. Pistols placed in various positions are discharged; another horse rolls a barrel, and then two of them do it together. In the balancing feat a wide and long plank is placed across a support, and lies with one end tilted in the air. A horse walks up the plank, then another, the first, turning upon the narrow support, backs to the other end of the plank and it balances, holding both horses in the air. But the crowning feat is Nettle's jump over the other horses. Nettle is also a mustang and jumps a five-barred gate, then the gate and one horse standing beside it, increasing the number of horses to six. Space does not permit a description of all the feats performed by these horses. They must be seen to be appreciated.





EARL ROSSLYN'S JERSEY CATTLE AT EASTON HALL.





"THINK HE'LL DO?"



## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

## NO. 2.—A CITY "HUNTING MAN."

By far the most horsey and stabley man with whom I have the pleasure of an acquaintance is Mr. Thomas Checkley, the junior partner in the old established firm of Countington, Checkley, and Company, who are described by admiring friends as the "eminent haberdashers" of Cannon-street. Everything connected with Checkley's personal decoration and immediate surroundings is of the horse, horsey. His watch-chain is a model in steel and gold of a patent bit, and if his pin is not a horse-shoe, it is a jockey's cap and whip, a spur, or a miniature copy of some article from a saddler's shop. His house in Bayswater, whither I penetrated on one occasion to make inquiries about a horse he wanted to sell, was furnished, so far as it came under my ken, with suggestions of the stable and the chase. His inkstand is a horse's shoe; a pair of stirrup irons forms his pen-rack, his paper weight is a fallen horse, in bronze, with the jockey standing by him; and a silver-mounted shoe, this time inverted, forms a receptacle for his cigar ash. A regular trophy of whips and spurs—nearly enough to supply the whole hunt of which he is a member—is arranged over his mantel-piece: catalogues of sales of various kinds of horses, with, in many cases the sums they fetched written against their names in pencil, strewn his study; and in a prominent place is an ivory tablet with a blank space in the middle surrounded by highly coloured pictures of the covert side, horses, men, and hounds, and with the days of the week neatly printed, against which in the hunting season Checkley never fails to write down the list of impending meets. It need hardly be said that sporting pictures cover the walls of his rooms, and the passages leading thereto, and that sketches of many men on many horses jumping many fences, may be noted in perspective up the staircase by the observant visitor. He himself, always in boots and breeches and mounted on various steeds, is a favourite subject in oil, water-colours, and photographs—large ones. The only poet for whose works he cares a straw is Somerville, excepting indeed Major Whyte-Melville, from whom he has taken his favourite quotation:—

"Down in the hollow there, sluggish and idle  
Runs the dark stream where the willow-trees grow;  
Harden your heart, and catch hold of your bridle—  
Steady him—rouse him—and over we go!"

run the lines which he considers the finest in the language, and which indeed have a dash and swing about them that may commend the verse to the man who has been in the position of the imaginary hero. Beekford has of course a place on his shelves; all the "Druid's" books are there, together with the "Science of Fox-hunting" by Scrutator, "Horses and Hounds," and "Recollections of a Fox-hunter" by the same author, Cecil's "Hunting Tours," and well nigh innumerable "Hints on Breeding and Training," "Horsekeepers' Guides," and other manuals of similar character. "Handley Cross," "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," "Mr. Romford's Hounds" and the rest of Mr. Surtees' books are the only novels allowed a place in his library with the exception of a couple of volumes by the gallant writer whose verse is quoted above, and a collection of sketches by the "Gentleman in Black." Little need be said about the cut of Checkley's coat and trousers, for everybody will at once understand that the former is modelled after the severest order of hunting men's attire, and that the latter garments are cord in material and tight in fit. Piles of "Bell's Life" continue to accumulate in the corner of his study, and of illustrated papers the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is in his estimation without a rival, the only weakness about it being a tendency to give undue prominence to the drama at the expense of sport. He wants, for instance, more details of particular packs, and thinks that if members of various hunts could be persuaded to send in accounts of runs the journal would be perfect. A slight literary achievement describing a run with the South Wessex, detailing how "among those well up through-out, despite the awkward line of country traversed, we recognised Mr. Thomas Checkley on his gallant bay, Pytchley," &c., did not find its way to the dignity of print, and perhaps this may account for Checkley's complaint. The "member of the hunt" by whom the account was written omitted to send his name, and possibly the suspicion which points to the rider of the gallant bay itself may be unfounded.

All things about him, indeed, proclaim Checkley to be a hunting man, and so he is; but, as everyone knows who has been with hounds five minutes after they have got well away on a hot scent, the verb to hunt is wonderfully elastic, and of wide significance; and the one place where Checkley's enthusiasm wanes, and, like Bob Acres' courage, oozes out, is when mounted on his gallant bay, Pytchley, or any other of his stud, and landed in a field with a locked gate on the side, beyond which hounds are running. Theoretically, Checkley is a superb rider. Over timber he is especially hard to beat—in the smoking room after dinner—and it is quite a treat to hear him dilate upon the ease with which the highest posts and rails may be crossed if you only sit well back and hold your horse together before his effort and after he has landed on the other side. Water bothers him sometimes—even in the aforesaid smoking room. This he confesses; hinting, however, that the fault is generally with the horse, for he rides animals which he believes to be as nearly as possible thoroughbred, and quotes Dick Christian, to the effect that thoroughbred horses are nearly always frightened of water, though they jump it beautifully when they get used to it. His stud has never got quite used to it yet.

How Checkley came to be so well up on his gallant bay, Pytchley, on the occasion of the famous run of the South Wessex just referred to, is a mystery to those who have watched his mode of progression in the field. The line of country traversed that day had certainly been a stiff one, and few lived to the end of it. The tongue of malice and uncharitableness, of course, suggests that it was an accident; that Checkley, having ridden boldly through a gate into a field with a gapless fence on the far side, had, after carefully inspecting the formidable obstacle, turned his horse's head and ridden boldly through the gate out of the field again; had taken to the road and was quietly trotting home when he came upon the hounds, which had been running in a semi-circle along the base of which he had ridden, so that all Checkley and the gallant bay did was to trot through a gate, and join in with the half dozen or so who had ridden the line, and, jumping their last fence, found Checkley already on the spot. There he was, however, and after all that is the great thing. Perhaps it was his superior knowledge of woodcraft that enabled him to see the finish on that exciting day; for woodcraft, a comprehensive knowledge of the laws which govern scent (how few of us really know anything at all about it, and how often our theories are upset!), together with an instinctive feeling of certainty as to what the fox will do, are, Checkley believes, among his strongest points. Thus, when a whiff of the scent has drawn a faint cry from Tuneable, when the rest of the pack have gradually joined in the acknowledgment till the covert rings with melody, when at last the twanging horn and a delighted yell of "Gorn awa-a-a-y!" has merged into a chorus of "For-ard! for-ard! Tally-ho!" when eager spirits have charged the first fence and got well on to the second, Checkley's instinctive feeling usually comes to the surface with considerable force. Steeple-chasing is capital fun in its way, he admits, but it isn't hunting as the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Wilton understand the word. Oddly enough, too, at this

moment the subject on which he is usually so eloquent, the pleasure of seeing hounds work, suddenly loses its interest. All his thoughts are now bent on discovering the line the fox is going to take; and it is a very remarkable circumstance that he never can be persuaded that the fox is likely to take a line which leads him over a jump. Wherever the coast is clear of obstacles, and gates are common objects of the landscape, will assuredly bring him, Checkley feels sure, to the spot for which the fox is pointing. What humbugs we are, some of us—many of us—most of us, probably, about something or other, all of us I fear, occasionally! In spite of being constantly thrown out by taking Checkley's lead, and heeding his prophetic utterances and opinions, a little knot of men will always be found to follow him through the paths of peace where a line of gates conducts to safety, and if a fence has to be crossed, it is at a gentle pace through a gap, and not with a rush, over a stiff binder or two. This latter style of jumping Checkley enjoys in his pictures, vicariously, and rigorously abstains from practising. "Paid sixpence for catching my horse," would never form an item in his table of expenditure, if he kept one, as it did so frequently in the list of the immortal Mr. Jorrocks' disbursements, for he never ventures to cross anything that can possibly bring about a spill. A broken down hurdle, which the horse can walk through, if he doesn't care about jumping it, is the limit of his daring, and when such a "fence" has been surmounted, it is grand to note the manner in which he looks back to his friends, as his horse canters along, and shouts, "Come on—it's all right!" as if he had burst his way through a thick black bullfinch, and wished to let other adventurous spirits know that it was negotiable. And it is just as well that Checkley does not tempt fate in the matter of fences. Theoretically, again, no one knows the points of a hunter better than he. His eloquence on the subject of good shoulders, of the absolute necessity for shoulder action as opposed to knee action, and the impossibility of a horse staying over a deep country, unless his shoulders are so placed that the weight of his foreparts are thrown upon the hind limbs, &c. &c. &c., is untiring. He has views—very strong ones—on the question of a hunter's feet, even to the number of nails that should be put into his shoes; and on wide hips, muscular quarters, straight, clean, flat legs, he is oracular. Yet with all this wisdom on the matter, the fact remains that his steeds are, for the most part, the veriest corks, and I am inclined to think that some cunning dealer must have found out the many weak places in poor Checkley's superficial knowledge of horse flesh, and by fooling his customer to the top of his bent, palms off upon him for good prices, screws which are unsaleable elsewhere.

There can be little doubt, in fact, that Checkley is in a mortal "funk" when he gets on a horse. Even when he sees his way safely out of a field by an open gate, or a very flat gap, he always finds something to cause him uneasiness. In grass land there may be rabbit holes; in plough, there are flints to get in his horse's feet; he constantly fears that he has cast a shoe, or that something or other is somewhere wrong, and threatens immediately danger. Why then, it may be asked, does he hunt? He does not enjoy it; his doctors do not specially recommend it; his partners disapprove of it; his wife dreads the casualties which seem so likely to occur when her lord is—as she imagines—flying recklessly over gates and hedges with now and then a casual haystack, or so. He does not seek for "gibbey sticks," like Mr. Jogglebury Crowdley, and in short, the question is extremely difficult to answer. I suppose it amuses him and gratifies some small vanity to pose as a hunting man; and as, with muddy boots and splashed breeches, he leans back in his seat in the train which takes him to Charing Cross, looking as much as possible as though he had been performing feats which an admiring country would not willingly let die, he is for the time—at least he looks—perfectly happy.

## RAPIER.

THE opening concert of the nineteenth triennial musical festival at Norwich was given on Tuesday week in St. Andrew's Hall, which was crowded. The festival opened with the National Anthem. The principal vocalists were Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Minns, of Norwich, and Misses Williams and Penna.

EDMUND ABOUT, in some notes from Paris, speaking of the late Bishop of Orleans, M. Felix Dupanloup says:—"His connection with Dumas *filis* has been variously commented on; but few people, if I mistake not, have known the exact truth. A few years ago, M. Dupanloup, when going off to Rome, took it into his head to prepare a pamphlet during his journey against the contemporary theatre, and he sent and bought at Michel Lévy's shop all the pieces of Dumas. He read them in the railway carriage, dictating notes to his secretary, and tearing up each brochure when he had extracted the poison from it. Who knows if this rapid work would not have resulted in something less indigestible and tiresome than his former diatribes? But as good or ill luck would have it, Michel Lévy let Dumas know that M. Dupanloup had bought all his plays. Dumas, who is an optimist, for he is good, viewed the matter in the best light. As soon as he heard of the Bishop's return, he paid him a visit at Viroflay, in virtue of the principle that one piece of politeness deserves another. M. Dupanloup found his visitor delightful, and much nearer salvation than the plays had led him to suppose; Dumas was enchanted with the Bishop; the pamphlet went into the fire and Dumas into the Academy."

CANADIANS are pulling doleful faces over the departure of their brilliant and popular viceroy, Lord Dufferin, who was not only a clever statesman, but one of the most agreeable men in society. During the "season" Government House was the scene of continual festivities, the informal skating parties held every Saturday being great favourites. Private theatricals occupied an important position, and the theatre was perfectly fitted, the plays being always splendidly mounted and thoroughly rehearsed, Lady Dufferin being, it is said, a charming amateur actress, extremely pretty, and the most delightful of hostesses.

At the Cambridge Borough Police Court, on Tuesday week, the young man Hilliard (formerly a member of Downing College, and late a member of Mr. Parry's company at the theatre) was committed for trial at the sessions for running up an extravagant hotel bill at the Bull without reasonable expectation of being able to pay.

MR. STUART, dramatic critic of the *Graphic*, was attacked in the street last Sunday night by Mr. Plympton, the actor, who struck Stuart several times with his fist, but did him no injury except smashing his hat. Stuart did not hit him back, but quietly walked away. The only reason, Mr. Stuart says, for the attack was that he said in one of his criticisms that Mr. Plympton was "too effusive." This reminds me of Max Adeler's story of the big Irishman who called in to whip an editor for calling the B.I. sister "a denizen of South Second-street."—*Philadelphia Sunday Mercury*.

A GRAND football match will be played at Kington Oval on the evening of Monday, the 28th inst., when the ground will be illuminated by the electric light.

THE pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre is to be produced this season on a scale of unprecedented grandeur. It is calculated that it will cost from £10,000 to £12,000. The largest amount of money previously spent on a London spectacle was in *Babil and Bijou*—namely, £30,000. On good authority it is said that one scene alone will cost £3,400 at Covent Garden.

## PENCILINGS FROM THE PLAYS.

BY PENANDPENCILHOLDER.

THERE is an odd kind of jumbling together of piety and plays now going on which is very curious. Sermon-preaching and hymn-singing people are on the stage, with faces blackened by art or nature, who mix up confusingly music-hall ballads and dancing with religion and the drama; and, in much the same way, the Rev. J. Pantom Ham is setting up in business as a dramatic critic in, of all places in the world, his own pulpit, and of all times available and suitable, on Sunday evenings! Moreover, there is a threatened revival of the old mystery plays, and clergymen who never visit theatres, have met in solemn congress to sit in judgment upon burlesques and the ballet, and religious services are every Sunday conducted on the stage where actors play during the week, and—&c., &c.

Now it was all very well for that early Father of the church, Gregory Nazianzen, to invent sacred plays and perform them in Christian churches, because pagan plays in heathen temples were a source of immense popularity and profit. He saw no more reason why that inconsistent being, the devil, who, according to authorities, at once hates men and invents pleasures for them, should have all the best plays, than a much later professor of holiness saw why his Satanic majesty should have all the best tunes. But now-a-days we know how swiftly the drama degenerated in the hands of priests, and was never under their care so noble, so pure, so refined, or so intellectual, as it had been, and was once again, when the philosophers, poets, and players had it. Even our most immodest burlesque actresses would probably scorn to appear upon the player's stage as women and men appeared upon the priest's stage, absolutely naked, to personate Adam and Eve! The coarsest of our gagging low comedians would shrink from uttering the obscene witticisms of devils and imps in the sacred drama. Again, if through the selfish idleness and carelessness of degenerate playwrights and players the modern drama has fallen from what Shakespeare and his rivals left it, into something which is, by comparison, exceedingly weak, vulgar, and contemptible; yet it strikes me that its chances of being purified, re-invigorated, or elevated would be few and poor in the hands of a priestly reformer like the Rev. J. Pantom Ham, who ingenuously confesses that between the high-souled, generous, brave, confiding, and tenderly affectionate Othello, and the brutal, drink-soddened burglar, Bill Sykes, a ruffian of the lowest and coarsest type, he—poor blind soul—can see no difference! Who, positively, takes Desdemona, a lady who is the type of all that is dignified, pure, self-devoted, and noble in conjugal love, and placing her beside that poor, unhappy, ignorant wail of the gutter, a prostitute of the most degraded class, says she—Desdemona!—is "only Nancy Sykes!" Who sneers at that criticism which recognises in Shakespeare's tragedy more than he—Mr. Ham—finds in a transpontine melodrama of the least intellectual character, as "fastidious criticism, perfume criticism, a criticism in white kid gloves." Alas! for the stage of to-day if critics from pulpits are to be the player's guides. And it really seems as if they were. Look at the strange eruption of *Uncle Tom's* which has broken out at five of our principal London theatres, where scraps of sermons are transferred from the pulpit to the boards, and hymns are as lustily sung as if the temple of the drama were a Wesleyan chapel.

The stage has got into the pulpit, and the pulpit has got upon the stage (there are religious services every Sunday in several of the largest London theatres), and low-class preachers and players are becoming jumbled together in a vulgar hotch-potch, which is advantageous neither to the drama nor religion. Let Mr. Ham go back to his sermons, and the players send the psalm-singing, sermon-preaching niggers back to America; let music-halls cease to invade the theatre, and the theatre strive after its ancient dignity as a blending of literature and art for the refinement and elevation of what is none the less what it ever was and will be—the people's most popular and wholesome amusement.

The above thoughts arose after seeing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* performed at each of the houses in which it now appears, from three of which I have made "pencilings." Some—from the Aquarium—you have already seen, and of the remainder I this week give one other, representing the escape of Eliza with her child over the broken ice on the river which crosses the stage at the Victoria Theatre, into the management of which re-adorned, cleaned, and greatly-improved house Mr. Joseph Cave has thrown his entire self, with all his old energy, enthusiasm, and thoroughness. At "the Vic," as at the other establishments, "the necessary question of the play" gives way to the introduction of hymns and acrobats, nigger songs, and dances, with the hackneyed solemn, commonplace truisms of the pulpit; but the play is not here, as elsewhere, altogether lost sight of, and from time to time we can trace something dimly resembling the development of story and character. My other *Uncle Tom* sketch was from the Standard Theatre, where the same play, or rather subject, is put upon the stage with some charmingly painted scenery, and with a care, completeness, and expense worthy a better production. For this sketch I found at the last moment I had not room.

*Sentenced to Death* has been revived with all its old completeness of scenery, accessories, and "cast" at the Grecian Theatre, to which house I went the other night, being anxious to see once more in his old home Mr. George Conquest. How admirably he "makes up," and with what spirit and cleverness of action and bye-play he personates the revengeful old reprobate of this excellent melodrama! I made a sketch of him, but I'm afraid you will think it hardly does justice to the outside of the man in his capably played part. However, such as it is, here it is. (See page 128.)

*Land Ahead* is, in my estimation, a very weak, poor, ill-constructed play. Mr. George Manville Fenn is a gentleman in whom I have such faith that I went to see it with really elevated ideas of what it ought to have been. I'll not say how I was disappointed. Not even the intense spitefulness infused into the song in which the whole body of hapless Irish landlords are condemned to eternal perdition for making their tenants pay "rint," nor a live donkey, nor a real pig, nor actual smoke curling out of a bog-trotter's chimney, could reconcile me to its want of interest. Miss Virginia Blackwood's song was encored we are afraid to say how many times, and, as Pepsys might add—Lord! how the people did laugh!

*Little Cricket* at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday last was a distinct success. Miss Lydia Cowell, in her original character of "Fanchon," was gracefully pretty and full of earnestness. Mr. W. Redmund and Mr. F. W. Irish, if outwardly unlike twins, were alike in the care and ability with which they played their respective parts. Miss Maria Harris as Madelon was perhaps not quite so unconscious of the presence of the audience as she might have been, and the Farmer Barbeau of Mr. W. H. Stevens was a talented and not overdrawn piece of real character acting. I must end with a word of praise for the scenery, which was famously designed, painted, and "set."

MR. HOWARD PAUL has left America en route to Egypt, where he is engaged this winter to give his musical and dramatic entertainments.



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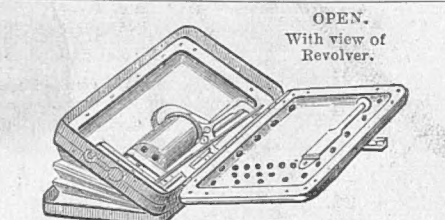
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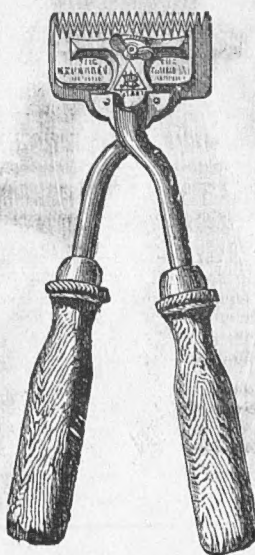
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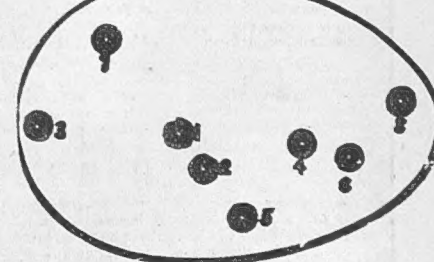
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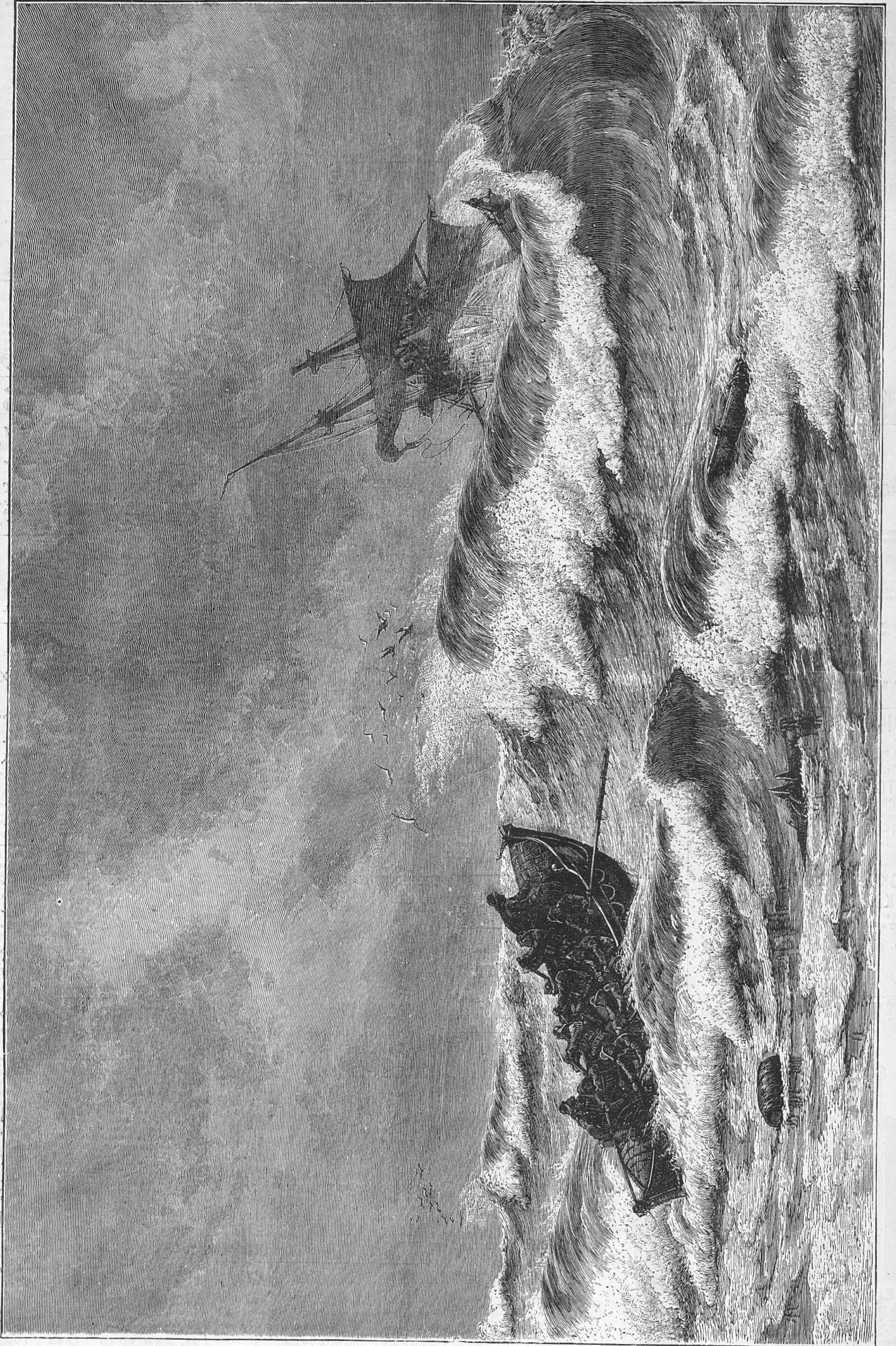
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